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WEARY.

I am so weary! and the way
  Lies further from the vales of rest;
In vain I wait to see the day
  Die, purpling all the dusky west.

Dear Father! if Thy love should send
  Some angel, full of pity sweet,
To nerve me for the bitter end,
  He'll trace me by my bleeding feet!

For when I turned my face to God,
  I could not see, for sorrow's tears;
I blindly took the roughest road,
  And trod it—all these weary years!

I think, O Father! though the night
  Of suffering closes dark around,
Thou wilt not hold my anguish light,
  Nor give me any needless wound.

Thou wilt not blame the trusting heart
  That, witless, blindly reaching out,
Was thrust against a cruel smart,
  Whose edge was fair with flowers about.

Thou'lt lead me from this exile-land,
  And with thy morning crown this night,
What time my victor soul shall stand
  Erect, transfigured, in Thy sight!

HOWARD GLYNDON.

THE WHITE SLAVE.

A Tale of the Mexican Revolution.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,

BY EMERSON BENNETT,

AUTHOR OF "ARTIST'S BRIDE," "PHANTOM OF THE FOREST," "PRAIRIE FLOWER," "CLARA MORELAND," "FORGED WILL," ETC.

[Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1866, by Emerson Bennett, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court of the United States, in and for the Eastern District of Pennsylvania.]

CHAPTER XV.

BENITA MORILLA.

"Who are you?" said I, in a gentle, kindly tone, making haste to put away my pistol and sheath my sword.

"Oh, Senor, for the love of God, do not kill me! do not beat me!" she cried, in her sweet, pleading tone, still keeping her hands clasped, and her soft, dark eyes upturned to mine, with an expression so touchingly pitiful that it sent a strange, indescribable thrill through my whole being.

"Kill you? beat you?" returned I, as I stepped forward and offered her my hand: "No! not for worlds, my angel! Here, take my hand, and step forth, and rest assured that I will neither harm you, nor let harm come near you!"

She timidly placed her hand in mine, and with nervous trembling ascended the ladder which supported her and stood upon the level with myself. Her size was about medium, with a form of symmetry and grace—a face sweet, pensive, but expressive, and of the clear Andalusian type—an eye soft, lustrous and poetical—while around her seemed to float such an air of refinement and gentility, that I was not a little surprised to discover that her scanty garments, consisting merely of a loose chemise and a scarlet petticoat, were both of the coarse stuff and style of the common peasant or peon. Not a shoe or stocking covered her pretty feet, and not even the reboso, so much worn by the Mexican females of all classes, graced her head, from which her long, dark hair swept down in negligent profusion, clinging around a swan-like neck, and draping a bust of that graceful, lady-like contour which the artist generally selects for a model of beauty. As I looked upon her with a strange feeling of interest—a feeling which blended pity with curiosity and a something I could not easily define—as I looked into her sweet face, and observed traces of habitual sorrow and melancholy, with tear-marks of grief, to which her overburdened soul had recently sought to give vent—I naturally repeated my first question, in the same kindly, sympathetic tone:

"Who are you?"

My voice and look were calculated to reassure her; but her eyes modestly sought the ground, and her long, dark lashes drooped over them as she replied, in a tone of sweetness and timidity:

"I am a poor girl, Senor, and your servant. My name is Benita Morilla."

"But what do you here, Benita?" I inquired, glancing toward my companions, who, much to my satisfaction, I perceived were still asleep. "Here, step this way!" I added, drawing her from the open door, so that if they should chance to look up they would not perceive her. The apartment in which we stood was small, and appeared to be a sort of vestibule, communicating by three doors, to the right, left and front, with three other apartments, used respectively as a buttery, kitchen, and store-room. "What were you doing down in this dark hole, Benita?" I continued, glancing down the cavity from which she had issued so mysteriously, but being unable to see the bottom for the darkness.

"I was sent down there for punishment," she replied; "but, oh! Senor, it is a very gloomy place! and I have been there so many hours, with nothing to eat! Oh, pray, good sir," she cried, imploringly, again clasping her hands; "pray do have pity on me, and get me pardoned!"

"Get you pardoned, Benita?" repeated I, in some surprise, not fully comprehending her: "Get you pardoned for what? and of whom? Who sent you down there?"

"My mistress—la Senora Barbara. Oh, ask her to pardon me, good Senor! I'm sure she would do it for you."

"Do you mean by your mistress, the mistress of this rancho?"

"Si, Senor—la Senora Barbara: you know her, sir?—you are a friend of hers?"

"Indeed I do not know her," returned I, beginning to comprehend the true state of the case.

"Do not know la Senora Barbara?" she rejoined, in a tone of surprise and with an incredulous look.

"I certainly do not, my pretty Benita. I have just come here, and taken possession of this house, which I did not suppose contained a living soul, besides my companions and myself, till I saw you. I see how it is—you are not aware that your mistress and all her family and servants have fled and left you here alone. When were you sent down there?"

"Last night, Senor," replied Benita, wonderingly. "I chanced to spill some coffee upon my mistress's dress; and she always punishes me with a whipping, or the Black Hole, and sometimes both, when I do anything wrong."

"Your mistress is a brutal woman, if she punishes you for so trifling a matter as that!" said I, warmly.

"It was an accident, Senor—I did not mean to do it. But are you not one of the gentlemen-officers that were here last night?"

"So then there were officers here last night?"

"Oh, yes, a great many of them, sir! and I thought you were one of them."

"No, I am one in pursuit of them; but they have all fled, and gone I do not know where."

"Oh, this is so strange, and I not to know it! I heard persons hurrying about, and then all grew still, but I thought they had gone to bed; and though the Saints know I had poor lodgings enough, I grew weary and fell asleep, sitting upon the damp earth, and slept I know not how long. A little while ago I heard voices and steps again, and thought it must be day; and I waited for some one to come and tell me I might come up; but all grew still again; and I felt so hungry and faint, that I thought I would venture to look out; and I was wondering to see the sun shining so brightly, and none of the servants about, when you suddenly appeared and frightened me."

I explained to her how I had found the gate open and taken possession of the house, what had subsequently occurred, and how I had chanced to discover her.

"Oh, I was terribly frightened when I first saw you, but now I do not fear you at all!" she said, with a sweet smile and a simplicity of manner that was quite charming.

"And you had reason to fear me then, Benita," I rejoined; "for thinking you might be some dangerous individual, I burst suddenly upon you, weapon in hand; but now you have no cause to fear me, for I would protect you with my life."

She looked up searchingly into my face, with an expression I shall never forget; and then suddenly covering her eyes with her hands, she burst into tears.

"Ah! what is the matter, my pretty Benita?" I inquired, in a gentle tone. "Why do you weep, Benita?"

For some moments she did not reply, but seemed almost convulsed with strong emotions. At length she sobbed forth:

"The Saints bless you, noble Senor! may the great God bless you! for your kind words to the poor, fatherless girl."

I was deeply touched—for the words seemed to be a grateful prayer of thanksgiving from a soul that had long been oppressed with a burden of misery.

"You have been badly treated, poor girl!" said I, with deep feelings of commiseration. "Come, you shall tell me your history! and if I can do anything for you, believe me, it shall be done. Tell me who you are! and why you remain with a mistress so cruel?"

"Oh, sir," she sobbed, "if my mistress should hear that I had made any complaints of her to a stranger, I fear she would kill me!"

"Do not be alarmed, poor Benita! your mistress is not here; and you may rely upon my honor, that whatever you confide to me shall be kept religiously sacred!"

"Oh, Senor, I am only a poor slave!"

"A slave, Benita?" I exclaimed, in surprise: "No, not a slave! You surely have no negro blood in your veins?"

"No, Senor, my father and mother were both of Spanish descent."

"Then how are you a slave?"

"I owe a debt to Don Rafael, which I can never repay, and that will keep me a slave for life."

"Ah! I understand you now!" said I, remembering to have heard something of the unrighteous law which justified the selling of an individual, of either sex, for debt—the party sold becoming the property of the buyer till the payment of the uttermost farthing; and as this seldom happened in the life of the debtor, or the children which came after, a family, by being once in debt, might entail the curse and burden of slavery upon all their descendants forever. "How much do you owe Don Rafael?" I inquired.

"I do not know, sir—a great deal, I suppose."

"And may I inquire into the origin of this debt? In short, Benita, will you not tell me your history?"

"It is little I know, sir. My father and mother were natives of Spain, and came to this country with the family of the Viceroy, in whose household my father then held some office. For what cause I never knew, but he subsequently fell into disgrace, and fled to save his life, my mother keeping him company. They wandered into the country, to some lonely place among the mountains, where my father suddenly died, leaving my dear mother almost moneyless and without friends. Two months after the death of my father, I was born on the estate of Don Jose Maria Las Casas, to whom my mother became a slave for debt. By the kindness and intercession of a good priest, one Father Angelo, I was placed in a convent, and remained there till eleven years of age, receiving a tolerably good education, and being visited at stated intervals by my mother. At this time Don Jose died, and my mother was sold to Don Rafael, and removed to this rancho, whither I accompanied her. Two years ago she died, and I am now in her place. This is my history, Senor."

"And have you all the time been subjected to such brutal treatment as you mentioned?"

"I have never been treated kindly since I came here, Senor."

"But why have you endured it, my poor Benita?"

"Because I could not avoid it."

"You might at least have run away."

"And where could I have gone? and what would have become of me?"

"True enough! true enough!" mused I. "But you will accept deliverance now?"

"I do not understand you."

"Will you not come with me, and let me protect you?"

"And where will you take me, Senor?" she said, with a brightening of hope.

"First to Soto la Marina, where our army is stationed at present. While I remain there, I will see that you are provided for; and when I go away, I will do the best for you that my circumstances will permit."

"Oh, will you, sir? the saints bless you!" she cried, clasping her hands, while her soft, dark eyes filled up with tears of joy. "But suppose," she added, with some degree of alarm, "that Don Rafael should discover my new residence? and pursue and seize me? I should be terribly beaten, if not killed."

"Have no fear, my pretty Benita! he will not venture into our camp; and even were he to do so, he could not reach you—for I will take care to surround you with friends, who will guard you with their lives."

"Oh, noble Senor, will you do this for a poor slave?"

"Repeat not that hateful term, Benita—henceforth you are free—and never, while I live, shall you be a slave again."

"The holy saints guard you, most noble Senor!" she cried, impulsively seizing my hand, pressing it to her lips, and bedewing it with tears.

I was deeply affected, and, in spite of myself, found my eyes getting dim.

"You will trust me, dear Benita?" I said, in a somewhat unsteady voice.

"Trust you, noble Senor!" she rejoined, looking up in my face and sinking down on her knees at my feet: "Oh, sir, I should be too happy to trust you with my life—my soul!"

"Enough, my dear Benita—rise—you must not kneel to me."

"Oh, yes, my place is here, at your feet, for you are a superior being."

"No, no," said I, quickly, lifting her up; "rise—rise—I am only a frail mortal, full of human imperfections, and you must remember to kneel only to your God! For your confidence in me, Benita," I continued, giving her hand a warm pressure, "I deeply thank you! and may all good and holy influences desert me, when I give you cause to regret your trust! And now pray excuse me for abruptly changing the subject. I have some important questions to ask. First, what is the extent of this passage, from which you have just issued? and for what was it constructed?"

"It is narrow, and not very long, but is closed by a door, which opens into what we call the 'spirit-vault.'"

"Are there liquors within that vault?"

"Yes, Senor, several casks."

"Then I do not wish my companions to know anything about it," said I, as I stooped down and carefully replaced the stone. "I will account to them for your appearance, by saying you were left behind, but you need not tell them anything of your history, nor where you were concealed. And now tell me if you have any idea whither Don Rafael and his family, and the officers you saw with them, have fled?"

"I have no idea, Senor, where any of them have gone."

"Did you ever see any common soldiers with the officers?"

"Only a few; but I heard an officer say to Don Rafael that there was a large body near."

"Did you see any females with the officers that did not belong to the rancho?"

"None, Senor."

"Do you know if there was a gentleman in company with these officers, called Don Ramon de La Mora?"

"There was a middle-aged gentleman, not in uniform, who was addressed as Don Ramon."

"So then he was here!" mused I. "Were there any teams?"

"Several, sir, which seemed to be heavily laden—they were driven into the court here."

"Did you hear any mention made of money?"

"I heard something, Senor."

"Was there any talk of the parties being pursued?"

"I remember hearing something said about robbers, and all seemed to be a good deal alarmed, but I did not exactly understand the cause of their fear. There was something said too about a terrible robber that used to be in this part of the country, called Romanillo, and they all crossed themselves when they mentioned his name."

"What did they say about him?"

"I did not hear—I only heard his name—I was sent out of the sala at the moment—and when I came back they were talking of something else."

"And you have no idea where any of them have gone? or where they intended going?"

"No, Senor."

"And whither do you suppose the rest of the inhabitants—I mean the peons of the estate—have fled?—do you think they went with them?"

"I do not know, Senor."

My questions failed to elicit any information from Benita that could serve to fix the destination of the parties of which we were in pursuit; and as I could not determine what had become of either Colonel Perry or General Mina, I had nothing to do but wait as patiently as I could the course of events. Knowing that Benita must be faint for want of food, as in fact she had herself expressed, I informed her there were some fragments in the kitchen, and advised her to eat at once, as I could not say what moment it might be necessary for us to quit the rancho and set off for head-quarters, or to join the rest of our troop.

"There is one thing, Benita, I have not provided for," said I, thoughtfully.

"What is that, Senor?"

"Suppose the rest of my companions return, and we are ordered to pursue the enemy—what could I do with you? I fear I could not take you on a scouting expedition, and certainly not into a skirmish or a battle."

"Oh, Blessed Virgin! what would become of me then, sir?" she exclaimed, clasping her hands. "Oh, I will not eat! but fast and pray for deliverance."

"Nay, you must eat, Benita, let what will happen, and I shall insist upon your doing so at once. But come, be not alarmed! I will manage it in some way: at least, be assured I will not desert you!"

"And oh! suppose Don Rafael and his family should return before you leave?" she cried, with a look of terror.

"Have no fear of that—he will only be too glad to keep away from here at present; but if otherwise, remember the gate is closed and bolted, and that we have the inside and are armed."

"Oh, Senor, since you have given me hope of freedom, I cannot bear the thought of remaining here a slave for life!"

"And you shall not, Benita—you shall not—I pledge you my solemn word you shall not remain here! Come, go and break your long fast, and have no more fears! I will take you away and provide for you."

And while the timid Benita went to appease her hunger, I once more ascended to the *azotea*, and took another view of the surrounding scene. The sun, high in the clear heavens, poured down a blaze of heat; but all around was still, and not a living creature could I perceive upon the broad and beautiful landscape which stretched before me. I remained a few minutes on the watch, and then returned to the *patio*. I found my two companions still asleep, and Benita standing by the well, performing her morning ablutions, and arranging her long, dishevelled tresses into something like order. When she had finished, she came forward to meet me, with a sad, sweet smile upon her lovely face; and seating ourselves upon a stone bench, under the portico, we again entered into conversation, and continued it in low tones for nearly an hour—I, among other things, telling her my name, and something of my history.

That hour satisfied me that Benita Morilla was no ordinary girl. Ignorant she certainly was of many things which a maiden of her years, educated in my own country, would probably have known; but even her ignorance was a kind of sweet simplicity, that seemed to render her more charming; and I discovered that she had a mind which was capable, with proper training, of being expanded into something of rare worth, if not of brilliancy, and which would enable her to mingle naturally and gracefully in any society of refinement, and adorn any station to which she might be called. Her disposition appeared to be gentle, affectionate, and confiding—her soul naturally innocent, loving, and trustful—and if I had at first been struck with her sweet voice and surpassing beauty, I was by this conversation made aware that she had other and nobler qualities to raise my regard and excite my admiration—in short, that she was a garden flower growing by the way-side.

As we sat conversing in low tones, my back partly toward the sleepers, I was suddenly startled by a long, low, peculiar whistle—one of those impromptu performances of the lips and breath, which, like a Frenchman's shrug, expresses a great deal more than can be said in words; and on turning around, I beheld Fighting Ben, sitting bolt upright, and staring straight at us, with a look of puzzled amazement.

"Well, Ben," said I, with a laugh, "have you got your nap out?"

Without making me any reply, he twisted himself round, gave Hawkins a smart kick, and partly rolled him over; and then stretching out his huge hand, he seized him by the collar, jerked him up into a sitting posture, and exclaimed:

"I say, you snoozing old hoss, what's that?"

"Where? what?" cried Hawkins, opening his eyes with a start, and glancing around with a look of alarm, evidently under the impression that the enemy was close upon him.

"Thar—don't you see?" said Ben, pointing a finger toward us; "right over thar, old sleepy-head!"

"Pshaw!" rejoined Hawkins, with an indignant sneer; "I see nothing but the Lieutenant and a woman."

"Well, that's all, old beeswax!" said Ben, removing his hand from his comrade's collar; "you can go to sleep ag'in, if you want to; I only wanted to know what it was. So it's a woman, is it?—of course thar was lots of women here when we went to sleep, arter hunting the house all over!"

"Ah!" said Hawkins, seeming suddenly to gather in the whole truth; "it is very strange!"

"But mighty agreeable for the Leftenant though, I should reckon!" rejoined Ben, gathering himself upon his feet and beginning to whistle.

As soon as I could recover from my fit of laughter, I assured Benita, (who, not understanding English, the language in which my companion spoke, seemed not a little discomposed and alarmed,) that she had nothing to fear—for though one of the men was coarse and rough in manner, he carried a kindly heart, and would be the very one to protect her with his life in the event of need. She smiled and replied:

"Benita Morilla will put implicit faith in whomsoever Don Edmondo shall tell her to trust."

"I now advanced to my companions, and, after exchanging a few jokes with Hardy, gave them such an account of the girl as I thought proper, keeping within the bounds of truth, and dwelling intentionally upon the harsh, brutal treatment she had received from her mistress.

"It is my intention," I pursued, "as an act of humanity, to take her to Soto la Marina, and there put her in the charge of some family who will treat her like a human being. She has been terribly abused, poor thing! and I cannot bear the idea of leaving her here alone, and suffering her to again fall into the clutches of her brutal mistress—it would be too much like deserting a friend in distress—eh! Ben?"

"She's a screamer!" said Hardy, sauntering over to the subject of our conversation and keeping his eyes fixed admiringly upon her; "and if I had her in old Kaintuck, and nothing to do, I wouldn't mind a splice. Leave her here, Leftenant, and she wanting to git away from a cross mistress? No, no—no, sir,—that thar cat won't jump! We'll tote her off to Christian quarters, if I has to take her on my back and fight through a regiment of the cowardly hounds that calls themselves Royal soldiers. Yes, gal," he continued, addressing Benita, "we'll take you out of this, and put you whar you won't be treated like a nigger; and if, when we've got through licking the Mexicans here, you want to go to the States with us, it's just a sartin thing that I'm willing to bet we can hitch teams. Yes, gal, old Ben says it, and is willing to swar to it—so don't be afeard!"

"*No entiendo*," said Benita, shaking her head, and turning to me for an explanation.

"Oh, yes, but I do *intend* it, and no mistake, gal!" rejoined Hardy, adding an oath by way of making his assurance emphatic.

"No," rejoined I, laughing, "she says she does not understand you."

"Haw! haw! haw!" roared Hardy; "what a confounded simpleton I was! I'd forgot about her being a foreigner."

"It is you that are the foreigner, Ben," said I, redoubling my merriment: "'she is native and to the manor born.'"

"Well, it's all the same, Leftenant—she don't understand English—and I don't know nothing about her infernal Spanish, and don't want to—though I'd like to talk to her well enough, for she's a purty little human. But just you tell her what I said—for it's like it'll ease her mind; and tell her if she only knowed English, I wouldn't mind showing her how to do some purty tall Kaintuck courting."

I translated Ben's remarks to Benita, who burst out into a merry, joyous laugh, and, turning to him, exclaimed:

"*Muchas gracias, Caballero!*"

"What does she say, Leftenant?" inquired Hardy.

"She returns you many thanks for your kind words and still kinder intentions."

"Did you tell her all, hoss—every thing?"

"Every thing, Ben."

"Wall, now, just tell her she's welcome. By John! but she's a purty piece!—a regular screamer, and no mistake!"

From that moment the rough Kentuckian felt a most friendly regard for my pretty charge, and I no longer feared any difficulty in taking her with us and getting her safely to Soto la Marina.

As neither Ben nor his companion could speak Spanish, I had the whole conversation with Benita to myself; and we had the further satisfaction of knowing we could converse freely on any subject, without being understood by those who might hear us. And the more I conversed with her, the deeper grew my admiration, the hours truly flying by on golden wings. The interest I took in her fate and fortune, gradually deepened into something more than mere friendship or brotherly regard; and I sometimes thought, if we were to be many days together, under circumstances so calculated to draw out and cement our sympathies, I might have cause to look out for that heart which I had almost vowed no woman should ever again have in her keeping.

It was perhaps a couple of hours past noon, when Benita remarked, that, if we could get into the apartment where the provisions were kept, she doubted not we could find the materials for a good dinner, which she would cook for us with pleasure. I immediately acted upon the suggestion; and going to the door in question, I found it unfastened, and the provisions scattered about, as if a large portion had been taken away in haste. There was enough for all our wants, however; and in little more than an hour from that time we all sat down to a smoking meal, which the fair hands of Benita had prepared for us.

During all this time we had kept a watch upon the surrounding scene—some one of the three going up to the azotea every few minutes, to see if we could discover anything of our friends or enemies, but so far meeting with no success. Being the first to finish my dinner, and leaving my companions deep in their devotions to hot *tortillas*, *frijoles*, and *chile colorado*, I once more ascended to the azotea.

For the first two or three minutes, as usual, I saw nothing to fix my attention; and I was just on the point of descending from the overpowering heat, when, away in the edge of a somewhat distant wood, I thought I espied, moving slowly along, the figure of a man, in the garb of a peasant, though the distance was too great to render it certain whether I beheld a man or an animal. That it was a living object of some kind, however, there could be no doubt; and arguing that, if it were a peasant, it probably belonged to the rancho, and perhaps could give me some information of my friends or enemies, I at once resolved to venture forth for a capture. Hurrying down to the patio, I hastily informed my friends of my discovery and intentions; and bidding them remain and keep watch, and the gate locked against surprise, I darted to the stable and led forth my horse.

"Shan't I go 'stead of you, Leftenant?" queried Hardy.

"No, you do not know where the object is I saw, and it would take me too long to point it out. Do you and Hawkins remain here; but it may be as well for you to keep watch from the roof, and have your horses out ready for mounting in case I should need assistance."

"Oh, Señor, are you going to leave us?" said Benita, in a tone of surprise and alarm, as she saw me mount my horse, and Ralph hasten forward to open the gate.

"Only for a few minutes," I replied, making an explanation in Spanish of my purpose, which she had not understood when spoken in English to my companions.

"Oh, do not go, Don Edmundo!" she cried, in alarm; "I fear something will happen to you!"

"Nay, dear Benita, be not uneasy—I will be back in a few minutes. I am well mounted and armed, and shall be on my guard; and should I happen to discover an enemy too formidable to fight, I can easily fly back to this covert."

"The saints protect you!" she prayed; "but oh! I tremble for something—for something fearful, my friend—I know not what!"

I again assured her there was no danger, and that I should probably not pass from her sight; and the gate by this time being open, I waved her an adios, touching my lips with my fingers; and then, putting spurs to my horse, I rode forth at a gallop.

Was I ever to return?

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

☞ The Rev. Dr. Walker, a very able, a very worthy, and highly respected Orthodox divine of the city of Portland, preached the Sunday after the calamity in reference thereto. He pronounced the burning of Portland a judgment from God occasioned by the great sins of the people. About the time his sermon was concluded, the steeple of his church was struck by lightning, and shattered to the foundation! If the philosophy of his sermon is sound, what are we to think of the congregation to whom the reverend gentleman ministers, to say nothing of the pastor?

☞ A process has been discovered by which India rubber can be bleached to a pure white, and after having been hardened will be used for the manufacture of collars and cuffs. It is difficult, one which has been long sought for, and is done by a chemical process, which is said to be fatal to the workmen engaged therein, unless protection is afforded them. So fearfully dangerous are the fumes arising from the combination of the required chemicals, that the workmen are encased in armor and are supplied with pure air from other apartments than the one in which they labor.

☞ A French paper says that in a commune near Avranches an owl has taken terrible vengeance for the loss of her young, which had been killed by a farmer's lad. For four days the owl was on the watch for the destroyer, and on the fifth, upon the boy leaving the farmhouse, the injured bird, which had been perched upon a tree, pounced down upon him, and with one stroke of its claws tore out his left eye.

☞ Bathing shoes for ladies in England are made of felt, with double soles, and, when taken off, need only wringing out. For bathing places where the shore is pebbly, ladies find them a great comfort.

SATURDAY EVENING POST.

PHILADELPHIA, SATURDAY, AUGUST 18, 1866.

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☞ In all cases the Machine sent will be the regular WHEELER & WILSON'S No. 3 Machine, sold by them in New York for Fifty five Dollars. The Machine will be selected new at the manufactory in New York, boxed, and forwarded free of cost, with the exception of freight.

NOTES OF STATE BANKS.

Our subscribers will please not send us the notes of the State Banks in payment of their subscriptions, as the National Banks will not receive them on deposit. We give full directions in our "Terms" as to the proper mode of mailing us money.

ANOTHER OLD SUBSCRIBER.

Mr. W. K. Campbell, of Carlisle, Penn., writes:—

"I think we may be ranked as among the 'oldest subscribers' to your paper. It has been in the family ever since it was established in 1821. I believe (and wish it is I will send one of the papers of July, 1822, that you may see the improvements made in the paper since that time."

Yes, THE POST for 1822 was a somewhat different paper from that we now issue—being but little over half the present size. And yet people, we believe, were just as well satisfied with it in that day of small things, as they are now with the present paper. We probably pay more now for the contributions to one number than in 1822 was paid for the whole year. For that matter, Mr. Atkinson, the founder of the paper, would probably have been as shocked if asked to pay a contributor, that he would not have recovered his appetite for a week. In those days the honor of writing for a paper, and such a paper, was considered sufficient. But we have fallen upon mercenary times.

"Alas, alas, we can but grieve
For the good old days of Adam and Eve."

The Sewing Machine Premium.

Anna E. Keen writes as follows from Wharton, Texas:—

"The sewing machine came safely. I am very much pleased with it; had no trouble in putting it up and working it. I feel that I am paid for getting up a club. All the subscribers, as far as I can learn, are pleased with the magazine and paper. Accept many thanks for your promptness."

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

TRUTH AND TRUST; OR, LOVE AND LOYALTY. A Story of the Great Rebellion. By Mrs. Bella Z. Spencer. Published by W. J. Holland & Co., 614 Chestnut street, Philada. For sale only to Agents. C. E. Plumb General Agent. Price $1.75. This is a large volume of nearly 400 pages, and published in excellent style. It is embellished with a steel engraving of the author, which does not look much like her, and several wood engravings, illustrative of the scenes in the work. The story is based (Mrs. Spencer says in a preface) upon facts which came to her knowledge while on her visits to the Army of the South-West during the War. Many incidents of that great struggle, including the attack upon Fort Fisher and the battle at Mobile, are interwoven with the narrative. As we have not yet had time to more than glance through the volume, our readers must be content for the present with this brief notice; only assuring them that the story appears to be in the author's best style, and of a very interesting character.

SUPERSTITION AND FORCE. Essays on the Wager of Law—The Wager of Battle—The Ordeal—Torture. By Henry C. Lea. Published by Henry C. Lea, Philada. Mr. Lea's volume appears to bear the evidences of great and careful research on the interesting questions treated of.

THE RED DOCTOR. Translated from the French of J. P. Lafitte by Hugo D'Aramis. Published by J. B. Lippincott & Co., Philada.

PAPERS FROM OVERLOOK HOUSE. Published by J. B. Lippincott & Co., Philada.

HOW I MANAGED MY HOUSE ON £200 ($1,000) A YEAR. By Mrs. Warren. Published by Loring, Boston, and for sale by G. W. Pitcher, P. ll. Price 50 cents.

THE LADY'S AND GENTLEMEN'S SCIENCE OF ETIQUETTE. By Count D'Orsay and Countess de Calabrella. Published by T. B. Peterson & Bros., Philada.

JENNY AMBROSE; OR, LIFE IN THE EASTERN STATES. By the author of "Lights and Shadows of Factory Life." Published by T. B. Peterson, Philada.

TIMOTHY CRUMP'S WARD. Published by Loring, Boston. For sale by G. W. Pitcher, Philada.

South American Civilization.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,

BY COSMO.

TOPOGRAPHICAL FEATURES—COAST VIEWS—CAMANCHACAS—INDRAUGHT—A FERTILE REGION—CHARACTERISTICS OF SPANISH WOMEN—LAVANDERA ROMANCE.

Northward from the valley of Chochuquire the Pacific Slope is less rugged and broken through by rivers than that portion lying between it and Valparaiso, being an inclined plane, undulating, and here and there broken into sharp sierras, of no great altitude, for a few leagues next the base of the Andes, but smoothing down gradually until within fifteen leagues of the coast the surface is very like our north-western prairies, cut through at intervals by the minor streams that come down from the mountains. This gentle rolling surface continues to within from one to three leagues from the coast line, where it rises again in a general way abruptly, presenting finally a precipitous sea wall, guttered and gullied, sometimes showing patches of dense timber growing to the very verge of the cliffs, then bare, rugged knobs, rocky peaks in a thousand fantastic shapes; and as one sails close in along the coast, the continually changing features enlivened at every few furlongs by streams rushing tumultuously through the riven chasms, and then as if lashed into foaming fury by the rapid race along their broken beds, plunge headlong down their last leap in cascades of snowy spray, mingling their music and melted Andean snows with the brine and fiercer roar of the Pacific surf, surging and fretting everlastingly against the base of the mighty wall. Picturesque and romantic beyond the power of pen or pencil to describe, is the varying view as you sail along this portion of the Chilean coast at the distance of a league or so from land. But have a care of being tempted to nearer companionship, lest you find the fairy enchantment suddenly vanish, and yourself a victim of misplaced confidence.

For many leagues along this part of the coast, coming within a mile of the shore, there begins a mysterious indraught or current setting directly in shore, so strong that a well manned man-of-war's cutter can scarcely stem it, and as notwithstanding there are never any gales or storms in this portion of the Pacific, the surf always beats furiously against the rocks, and there being no beach and but few places where the cliffs can be climbed, even by an expert sailor, it will be seen that venturing too near the charming picture would be certain to result in an awkward and decidedly unpleasant take-in.

Inland, through all the region extending from about the parallel of thirty down to the southern borders of the singular desert we were going to explore, or attempt to, the scenery, though shorn of all the rugged romance that marks the coast pictures or Andean presentations, is nevertheless a most delightful panorama, so charging, and presenting new features at every league of travel that it is an exquisite kaleidoscope on a magnificent scale. No Italian or Andalusian landscape ever presented features more charmingly diversified. No region anywhere on earth ever presented to man a soil more fertile, or climate more delightful and salubrious.

Semi-tropical by geographical position; tropical, without the tropic's scorching fires, by a mysterious elemental arrangement, we find in all this favored territory tropical fruits and flowers and grains mingling promiscuously with those of the temperate zones. The fig, banana, peach, pine, cherry, cocoa, plantain, pear and pomegranate, all near neighbors, fraternizing with the almond, mulberry, olive and plum, growing over wide fields of wheat or lesser breadths of luxuriant maize—the elder shrub, identical with that of the United States, only here attaining the dignity of a modest, beautiful tree, with clustering fruit of royal purple the size of gooseberries. Beside the elder tree grows the Gossypium Arboreum—the tropical perennial cotton, also a tree, bearing profusely bolls of white, silky fibre, in season white as the southern magnolia in bloom, with bursting pods.

Of vegetables—potatoes, sweet and white, peas, beans, beets, cabbages, onions, lettuce, and except the parsnip, all the stock of a North American garden, growing luxuriantly, mingling with melons, yams, [illegible], and many another fruit and vegetable unknown in our garden and market here, but excellent nevertheless, all abound, maturing in perfection wherever industry displaces indolence and indisposition to labor; and it is but justice to say that we found in this favored midland Chilean region industrious habits more universal among all classes and conditions of men and women than we had ever before observed in any other section of South America.

Of course, no woman of Spanish birth or lineage, no matter in what corner of the earth one finds her planted, is ever going to perform any ordinary menial drudgery, unless compelled by circumstances more imperative than any of the usual exigencies which make labor among women of the United States, Great Britain, and divers European countries a necessity. It is astonishing as well as amusing to a new student of Spanish female character to see how adroitly and with what admirable tact one of the dames will shoulder off the responsibilities of all indoor duties that have about them any shade of ordinary household labor, upon some inferior domestic of another race whom she very complacently considers born heir to toil; or this possibility failing, as it sometimes does from poverty precluding the possibility of the employment of a working machine, quite as complacently the pretty señora flings herself unreservedly into the arms of protecting Providence, finding, happily for her comfort and happiness in almost all countries peopled by the Spanish race, a most indulgent stepmother, affording spontaneous supplies adequate to the modest requirements of her easily satisfied stepdaughters.

And yet the Spanish women are no where, so far as my acquaintance with them extends, lazy in the general acceptation of the term—only they seem to have universally an innate horror of any really useful indoor manual labor, and therein they are something singularly eccentric. In thousands of instances I have seen Spanish women who from pecuniary conditions might be exempt from labor, and who rather than perform any ordinary indoor duties or cook a meal would go hungry and put up with almost any discomforts, labor cheerfully in the field, or at some outdoor avocation that a stranger, not a Spaniard, would say was more properly man's work.

More generally, however, the industry of the Spanish women in the middle classes of society crops out in embroidery and fancy needle work, at both of which they are as a rule real artists, and seem never to weary of it. I have known a Spanish dame plying busy fingers for weeks consecutively on her husband's shirt bosom of finest linen, or working very miracles of embroidery on a vest pattern, or dress for herself, who would not sew on a button, or put a stitch in a *poncho* of ordinary material to save herself, family and the whole Spanish race from everlasting purgatory.

There is one avocation, however, that Spanish women of all countries, and more especially of Spanish America, appear to be born with an inherent predisposition for, taking to it as naturally as a Lynn born boy does to last and leather. The Spanish *Lavandera* is in all climes the very best wash woman in the world—eminently so in South America. They elevate the calling of renovating foul linen to an art—often to a very high art. In frequent instances I have seen fair senoras and senoritas, or as fair as we find them in the tropics, who would scorn to put their hands to any domestic indoor duty, prouder of presenting you a dozen or two pieces of your linen regenerated by her own hands, and most immaculately white and pearly, than she would be of the most elegant accomplishment ever possessed by woman. They are marvelously expert, too, these lady *lavanderas*, in many instances, and really fascinating washwomen, especially those of the interior of Chile, Bolivia and Peru.

In Brazil we had been accustomed to see all the washing performed by female slaves, black as thunder clouds, and ugly as sin—in the Provinces of the Rio de la Plata by tawny, repulsive half breeds—throughout southern Chile by female barbarians but a grade above the brutes; and so naturally enough when in central Chile we saw the pretty, bright-eyed senoras, charming in person, often exquisite in features, chatty, intelligent, and musically merry—a whole bevy of sylphs and naiads, knee-deep or deeper in cool, crystal stream, washing admirably, and wearing their most bewitching smiles, we said many complimentary things, mostly equivalent to—"*Caro!*" Here at last is art and poetry, if not literally in a washtub, at least in clothes-washing and rinsing and wringing." I have just here a bit of *lavandera* romance that is perhaps worth the writing and reading—

Somehow by the negligence of our *dispensero*, whose duty besides being steward, caterer, and major domo to the party, was to take charge of all our wearing apparel that was not in actual service, we had spent our three weeks in Valparaiso, seven in all, on board the Esmeralda, and then proceeded to the northward to within some twenty leagues of the southern border of the desert, before it was discovered that in all that time there had been no clothes washed.

Our pack mules were not well calculated for the carriage of Saratoga trunks, consequently before entering upon the unexplored waste, it was a necessity that there should be a general family wash, as I am doubtful if a change of clean linen all round could have been mustered out of the entire stock, and we said—"If we are to be laid out to dry on this black scorching *pampa*, let us at least be laid out clean and decently." So we set about looking out for a *lavandera*, and found a whole community of them.

At dusk on the same evening that our need was discovered, we came to one of the prettiest, most charming little villages we had seen anywhere in the south country. It was a hamlet of perhaps fifty houses, all of the better class adobes, and being a post-town, had a more respectable *posada* than we had yet seen in Chile. Making the inn our headquarters, and having comfortably disposed of ourselves and horses, one of our first inquiries was for a washwoman.

Senorita Harmonia, the innkeeper's daughter, a glorious rustic Hebe, with brilliant black eyes, and the very finest hair and teeth I have ever seen, I think, promptly responded:

"*Servidor, senores y senoras, hago lavanderas bastante aqui.*" (At your service, ladies and gentlemen. I have plenty of washwomen here.)

So they had it appeared, for Hebe Harmonia went out at once, and before we were through supper we had with us over twenty Chilean senoras, all young, all well dressed, well bred, and as for their looks—Dr. Bond—reliable authority in such matters, declared always as long as he lived, that nowhere had he ever seen so many women in any one assembly, large or small, so very lovely. We all endorsed the doctor's opinion, except Cator, who went into a regular salt-water flurry, swearing by the "Ghost" of *Moby Dick* that we had fallen upon or in among a flight of angels.

"*Angeles washerwomen!*" *La verdada*—so we are, Senor Captain; and if our friends will remain two days at San Christobal, it will be our pleasure to do their washing."

Then Hebe Harmonia led forward, and to within a single step of Cator, the—the—peheel! explosions were useless—twenty times over I heard every one of our party, male and female, declare that never was there another created woman so exquisitely lovely. Fairer than any of her companions, and so like Correggio's miraculous Madonna. Harmonia said with a twinkle of laughing mischief in her bright eyes:

"We have but one angel among us, Senor Captain. This is she—Senorita Anjiel De Alegria."

At first we thought Harmonia romancing. But she said seriously:

"It is true, ladies and gentlemen. This is our sweet sister—Anjiel. She is an orphan by God's hand, but a very dear sister and daughter to all here at San Christobal."

What a name—how very appropriate in English for a being so beautiful and good—*Angel of Joy*. And we all blessed and blessed the blushing angel, and called her *Hermosissima*. Cator, in his admiration, did more. He hugged the lovely girl right to his heart as if she had been his wife, and said:

"God bless you, dear Anjiel! So I have found you again when I thought you were lost forever. Thank God!" And the sweet angel murmured as she laid her arms lovingly around our sea-lion's neck:

"God is very good, dear Juan. I am happy."

And without a word of explanation Cator went off with the angel, and so we wondered widely until the following morning, when looking for our lost shipmate we found him beside his Angel, and the angel in the midst of the lovely washwomen, and they all nearly to their waists in the water a quarter of a mile from the village, washing and rinsing and wringing out our soiled linen, Cator washing and wringing out, too, with all his might. At last, having driven him out on dry land and into a corner, Cator confessed that four years previously at Valparaiso he had loved and lost Dona Anjiel De Alegria, and now having so providentially found her again, as soon as they were done washing, there was going to be a wedding, and an *Angel of Joy* forever for his companion.

So we laid by a day for the wedding, and then with renovated wardrobes, and our handsome, salt sea-lion, with as lovely a bride as ever trod this earth, we resumed our journey towards the desert.

The Russian Peasant Made a Noble.

The saving of the life of the Emperor of Russia seems likely to result in the spoiling of a very respectable young peasant, a hatter by trade, who had the honor to jog the would-be assassin's arm, and so direct the pistol ball wide of the imperial mark. He is wholly uneducated, and therefore unfit for the cultivated society into which his lot is now cast, through the gratitude of Alexander; and Gen. Todleben, the defender of Sebastopol, has undertaken the task of imparting the needed instruction. The name of this person is the terrible one of Joseph Kommissaroff Kostromski. His patent of nobility has been published, and a correspondent writes of him that "he is absolutely a martyr to public feeling, and has no doubt many a time wished himself back at hat-making." He was made hereditary noble by the Emperor. St. Petersburg, Moscow and Kostroma elected him member of their corporations; two landed proprietors of the latter place gave him immense tracts of land; a banker of Moscow begged him to accept a large sum to enable him to support his new condition in life; a national subscription has purchased for him a magnificent house in Moscow; the municipality of St. Petersburg by decree have conferred upon him the title of the "First Citizen of St. Petersburg," and he has been elected honorary member of all the clubs in Russia. Louis Napoleon has conferred upon him the Cross of the Legion of Honor, the Emperor of Austria has sent him the Commander's Cross of the Franz Joseph Order, and he is hereafter to be known as "Kostromsky of Kostroma." On his first appearance at the theatre he was obliged to appear, accompanied by his wife, on the stage, when he was the recipient of an ovation which is indescribable. Not content with giving him ovations at theatres, poor Kommissaroff has had to eat and drink with all sorts and conditions of men, from the artisan to the prince. At a dinner given by the nobles at St. Petersburg to the deputies from Moscow and other places who have come with addresses to the Emperor, Kommissaroff sat next to Count Orloff Davydoff, who was in the chair. There was the unfortunate Kommissaroff going through his second dinner that day, dressed for the first time in the stuffy uniform of a nobleman, and wiping his honest hot face with the trusty right hand that shoved Karasoff's elbow. His health was drunk amidst cheers that might be compared to the roar of artillery, and he returned thanks in words that did not reach either his neighbors or the reporters, on account of the enthusiastic uproar which his presence created. How Mrs. Kommissaroff passes her time is not so well known, for her husband's popularity is but little reflected on her. She appears, however, by his side in a photograph which meets with an immense sale in the streets of the capital. But, of course, she will come in for some of the good things that are lavished on her husband.

Remedy for the Glanders.

This disease in horses, which has hitherto been considered fatal by all writers on the subject, is said to have been successfully combatted. A correspondent in the Turf, Field and Farm says:—

"In the last two numbers of Braithwaite's Retrospect are reported a series of experiments with the hyposulphite of soda, with a view to test its powers in arresting fermentative diseases. Among these experiments a number of dogs were inoculated with the virus of glanders. To a portion of them the hyposulphite of soda was administered; the others were left to nature. All the former recovered, and all the latter died. If there is any thing in this of a reliable character, a fair trial will soon make it manifest. It is supposed that one or two drachms administered two or three times a day will be sufficient. It may require more, but experiments will determine the quantity to be used, and also its value as a cure for glanders."

SILK WITHOUT SILKWORMS.—A very curious report comes to us from France, which, if true, portends the silkworm to its original undisturbed life, and reels silk from the mulberry tree without the intervention of cocoons. A. M. Brunet affirms that he has succeeded in reducing the fine textile substances which are found in the bark of the mulberry to the fineness, durability and general appearance of silk by chemical and mechanical processes, and affirms his faith in the discovery by buying up large quantities of the bark for producing this description of silk. If the discovery is real, plantations will become numerous in all those broad degrees where it can be grown; and as in this country that belt is both long and wide, we shall have profit from the invention. More strange things have happened in the world's history.

☞ A lecturer, maintaining before a mechanics' institute that art could not improve nature, was overwhelmed by the laughter of his audience, when one of them inquired, "How would you look without your wig?"

☞ Of all the political repartees one of the happiest was that of Sheridan, who, on being reproached by Pitt as forming a drag-chain on the wheels of government, brought up with the reply, "that for once he could compliment the minister on the correctness of his allusions, since the drag-chain was never imposed but when the vehicle was going down hill."

A NEW STAR.

A CELESTIAL SURPRISE.

A few months ago, astronomers were taken by surprise by the bursting forth of a bright star in a part of the heavens where no star of such lustre had been known to exist before. It is not often that surprises occur to astronomers; they generally know to a dead certainty what celestial events are going to happen long before the time of their occurrence. Even when the discovery of a new planet is announced, it creates no wonder; for these philosophers know well that the "discovery" is only the picking up of a tiny wanderer about our system, whose faintness and insignificance kept it in obscurity till some powerful instrument detected its motion among the heap of stars by which it was surrounded: and they know well that in all probability there are doubtless more yet to be found, when diligent perseverance and still more powerful instruments are employed in the search. Neither does amazement come upon the astronomer when a strange comet visits his familiar skies: he knows that there are, to use Kepler's expression, "as many comets in the heavens as there are fishes in the sea," and he is too well acquainted with the erratic nature of these bodies to be surprised at any vagaries they may commit. But the apparition of a new fixed star is a far different phenomenon, and one which the most callous observer, astronomer or not, can scarcely regard with indifference. For the fixed stars, there can be no doubt, are stupendous suns, equalling, and in many cases doubtless surpassing, our luminary in magnitude and brilliancy: and although we cannot certainly tell, still there is at least reason for conjecturing that they may be surrounded by systems of planetary worlds like our own, and of which they are the life and light. The creation of a new star is, then, nothing less than the creation of a new sun, and surely such an event is in the highest degree important, regard it from whatever point of view we please.

The sudden apparition of a bright star is not a phenomenon without precedent, although of such comparatively rare occurrence that the annals of the past two thousand years do not furnish more than about twenty instances, or an average of about one a century. For the greater part of these we have no other authority than that afforded by Chinese records; and in some cases doubts have been expressed as to whether the so called "stars" were not in reality comets without tails. The most remarkable, and at the same time the best authenticated, instances of the appearance of temporary stars are those of the years 1572 and 1604, with each of which a great name is associated. The first was discovered by the famous Tycho Brahe. Returning one evening from his chemical laboratory, in the monastery of Hertzswadt, and raising his eyes as usual to the well-known vault of heaven, he tells us, "I observed, with indescribable astonishment, near the zenith, in Cassiopeia, a radiant fixed star of a magnitude never before seen. In my amazement, I doubted the evidence of my senses. However, to convince myself that it was no illusion, and to have the testimony of others, I summoned my assistants from the laboratory, and inquired of them, and of all the country people that passed by, if they also observed the star that had thus so suddenly burst forth. I subsequently heard that, in Germany, wagoners and other common people first called the attention of astronomers to this great phenomenon in the heavens—a circumstance, which, as in the case of non-predicted comets, furnished fresh occasion for the usual raillery at the expense of the learned." He then goes on to describe minutely the appearance of the visitor, and the changes it underwent during the seventeen months it remained in view. It gradually rose to a brilliancy only comparable to that of the planet Venus when nearest the earth; so that it was visible to keen eyes at noon day, and even at night, when the sky was overcast, could occasionally be seen through the clouds. The telescope was not then invented, so that after it faded below the sixth magnitude—the lowest that can be seen with the naked eye—we have no information concerning it. It is, however, tolerably certain that, even with large telescopes, no trace whatever is now discernible of any star in the spot of the heavens which it occupied. The second of these famous new stars appeared during the life of the immortal Kepler: it was not, however, discovered by him, but by his pupil, Brunowski. In brilliancy it fell short of that of 1572; not equaling Venus in lustre, although surpassing all stars of the first magnitude, and even the planets Jupiter and Saturn: but it was remarkable for the extent of its twinkling or scintillation, which excited the astonishment of all who saw it. It remained visible for about the same time as that of 1572; having been first seen in October, 1604, and disappearing about March, 1606. Sixty four years after this, another star appeared, and was detected by the Carthusian monk, Anthelme; after several disappearances and reappearances, occurring during an interval of nearly two years, it finally vanished, and has never since been seen. With the exception of a new star, discovered in 1848 by Mr. Hind, and which attracted attention rather by its peculiar crimson color than by its magnitude—for it was comparatively small—the past two centuries afford no instance of the recurrence of an apparition of a bright new star, although the epoch includes all the brilliant discoveries of observatory astronomy that followed the birth of the telescope, and a continued and unbroken watch, precluding the idea that such a phenomenon could escape attention, may be said to have been kept over every part of the heavens. Astronomers of the present day were beginning to think they had been unfairly treated in not having the opportunity afforded them of witnessing such an event as has been manifested to their ancient predecessors, Tycho Brahe and Kepler; and it was, therefore, with agreeable surprise that they regarded the sudden apparition of the body that has called forth the present article.

The simple record of the phenomenon can be told in a few words. Somewhere about the 12th of May last a bright star suddenly appeared in the constellation *Corona Borealis*, or the Northern Crown. When it first attracted attention, it shone out with a brilliancy of a star of the second magnitude; but it did not long retain this lustre, for it so rapidly diminished in brightness that, in little more than a week, it faded below the limit at which stars are visible to the naked eye. In this rapid declension of magnitude the star is very remarkable, no similar instance is afforded by any of the stars that have appeared during the past two thousand years, most of these having remained in view several months; the shortest-lived of them, of which we have record, continuing visible for three weeks.

To whom we are to award the palm of first detecting this celestial stranger is a somewhat difficult to say at present. It was almost simultaneously observed in England, on the continent, and in America. It seems, however, probable that, so far as our present information enables us to judge, it was first observed by Mr. Birmingham, of Tuam, in Ireland, on the evening of the 12th of May. This gentleman, adopting the readiest means of calling the attention of astronomers and the public to the phenomenon, forwarded an announcement thereof to the Times, but his letter was never inserted. This is a circumstance much to be regretted; for while the publication of the letter would have established Mr. Birmingham's priority of observation, it would have secured ready intimation of the apparition to those to whom, in the interest of science, such early notice would have been of the utmost, we may say, of inestimable value.* The circulation of intelligence of the discovery had consequently to depend upon postal communication, and hence arose an unfortunate delay. The star, however, was detected on the continent on the day following Mr. Birmingham's discovery, and was independently discovered by Mr. Baxendell, of Manchester, on the 15th of the month. The hue and cry was raised, and all astronomical eyes were soon turned to the strange object; recording its position in the heavens, and noting the changes of brightness which it so rapidly underwent.

The place of the star having been accurately determined, it became important to know whether any star, however small, had ever existed in the spot before. Upon searching through the various standard star catalogues, it was found that a star had occupied its position; but a star of very small magnitude; below what astronomers call the ninth magnitude, or about one-eighth part as bright as the smallest star the naked eye can detect. The absolute agreement between the place of this small star and that of the one which (although it is a contradiction) we call the new one, left no shadow of a doubt that the two objects were identically one and the same. Hence it became evident that the phenomenon was not the absolute creation of a new star, but the sudden bursting into intense brilliancy of one hitherto comparatively obscure.

We are naturally prompted to inquire what is the cause of such an outburst? But this is a question more easily asked than answered. From the immeasurable distance of the fixed stars we can gain little or no insight into their physical structure. The most powerful of telescopes show us no more of the largest star than a tiny point of light, which no amount of magnification can expand into a real disc. We have nothing to guide us to a knowledge of the structure of the stars but their simple light. All glory to modern science that it should be able to extract information from that, and from that alone. By the mere light that emanates from any source, however remote, we are now enabled, by the new science of spectral analysis, to determine the nature of the source from which such light is emitted. In a previous article, some time ago, we pointed out the principal means by which this wonderful end is achieved: without repeating what we wrote in that article, it will be sufficient here to remind the reader, that when a beam of light is passed through a prism, it becomes spread out into a long luminous band, which is called a *spectrum*; that, if the light has emanated from some solid body in combustion, the resulting spectrum is a plain continuous ribband; that if the light in its course has had to pass through certain vapors or gases, this continuous spectrum is crossed by dark lines, due to the absorption of certain of the rays of which the beam of light is composed. But that if the light has been emitted by a luminous gas, the spectrum, instead of being continuous, consists of one or more bright lines, perfectly isolated, and with dark spaces intervening. Now, when the light from this strange star was collected by a telescope and passed through the prism, astounding indeed was the spectrum it produced. In the first place there was a continuous spectrum, like that given by the sun or any other star, indicating that the source of it was some body in a state of incandescence or combustion. In the second place, this continuous spectrum was crossed by several very bright lines, indicating that their source was a blaze of combustible gas; and, from the position which these lines occupied, there could be little doubt that the gas thus kindled into a blaze was principally hydrogen. Thus we are led to conclude that this star was, at the time of its greatest brilliancy, in the condition of a vast sun in a state of incandescence, surrounded by an atmosphere of hydrogen gas in a state of vivid combustion. Mr. Huggins, the most successful laborer in this field of observation, and the first who secured a "spectrum observation" of this star, says that "the character of the spectrum of the star, taken together with its sudden outburst in brilliancy and its rapid decline in brightness, suggests to us the rather bold speculation that, in consequence of some vast convulsion taking place in the object, large quantities of gas were evolved from it; that the hydrogen present burnt by combination with some other element, and furnished the light represented by the bright lines; also that the flaming gas had heated to incandescence the solid matter of the photosphere."

But these little chinks hole peeps into Nature's vast laboratory only serve to stimulate our curiosity to gain a fuller insight into the mysterious processes there carried on. The more we know the more we find we have to learn, and the greater our desire to learn that more. Unfortunately—or fortunately, it is hard to say which—the supply of information we possess never comes up to the demand. What can we ever hope to know concerning a star that is many billions of miles distant from us? We may think, we may theorize, and we may infer knowing the causes that produce certain effects within the limited range of our accurate observations, we may hence infer that the same cause will produce like effects upon a gigantic scale, and at distances beyond our observation; and we are justified in making such inferences by the knowledge that the laws of nature are irrespective of the magnitude of their operation. "We are on the right track for the discovery of truth," says a modern philosopher, "when we clearly recognize that between great and small no qualitative but only a quantitative difference exists,—when we resist the suggestions of an ever active imagination, and look for the same laws in the greatest as well as in the smallest processes of nature. This universal range is the essence of a law of nature, and the touchstone of the correctness of human theories."

To apply this argument to our subject. We know that we cannot render a body luminous without subjecting it to a high temperature; hence we may assume that the star that has lately become so brilliant has by some means become intensely heated; and modern science teaches us that what we call heat is nothing more than a certain phenomenon of motion, a motion of molecules or atoms. We all know that we excite heat by friction. Some of us may have heard that when a cannon-shot strikes a target it falls down blazing-hot: a blacksmith will heat a bar of iron to redness by a few well directed blows with his hammer: and the meteor that darts through our atmosphere is raised to a temperature of incandescence by the friction it sustains against the impeding air. The explanation of these examples is the philosophical axiom that "when the motion of a body is arrested or impeded, the motion of the mass is converted into a motion of the atoms or molecules composing it, *and this molecular motion is heat.*" Force cannot be destroyed: attempt to destroy it, and it appears as heat. The relation between motive force and heat has been exactly determined, and it is always the same. A given amount of force arrested, produces an amount of heat always corresponding to the amount of force; and, *vice versa*, a given amount of heat will always produce a corresponding amount of force. To obtain an intense heat we must expend an enormous quantity of force. If the orbital motion of the earth were suddenly arrested, it would become heated to a temperature several times as great as that required to melt iron. And since we know that there is no other means but by expenditure of stupendous force that vehement heat can be generated, we are led to the conclusion that the kindling of the recent star has been the result of some violent collision between it and some other mass or masses of matter. What such a mass or masses of matter may have been, we have no substantial grounds upon which to hazard a conjecture. It may have been that some obscure body, wandering in those distant skies, clashed with the star and set it in a blaze; or, if the star had been a sun surrounded by planets, it may have been that, from some disturbance in the equilibrium in the system, it collapsed, and the planets were dashed against their primary with a force sufficient to generate the heat of which we have seen the result. But these are speculations, and speculative philosophy pushed too far degenerates into idealism.

Although the eruption of this star is to us a matter of to-day, it really must have occurred many years ago. We see objects by the light that comes from them, and although light travels with the enormous rapidity of 192,000 miles in a second, yet such is the immense distance of the fixed stars that it occupies more than three years in reaching us from the nearest of them, and probably centuries in coming from some of those more remote. We have no knowledge at present of the approximate distance of this particular star, but we can say that it is by no means a near one; so that very probably the bursting forth we have just witnessed took place a century ago. This, however, does not affect the *suddenness* of the phenomenon; when-ever it occurred, the bursting forth was really as sudden as it appeared to us to be.

A circumstance so extraordinary as the conflagration of this star gives rise to ideas upon the stability of the component bodies of the universe, which we will briefly allude to in conclusion of this paper. We are accustomed to look upon our sun as a very symbol of eternity. We never allow our minds to entertain for a moment the possibility of that sun ever failing to supply us with its wonted store of light and heat, or ever giving off such an amount thereof as to destroy its surrounding worlds. Although we admit the probability of an end, we are habited to think that that end will be gradual, as was its beginning. The works of Omnipotence or, if it be preferred, the processes of nature, are usually slow and progressive; we know that countless ages have been occupied in the creation of the world to its present state, and we justly think that the progress of decay will be as long and as gradual. But a phenomenon like the bursting forth of this star annihilates the notion that nature's great works are slowly performed. Within the space of a few hours, or almost instantaneously,* this star, this distant sun, kindles to a heat compared to which its normal heat must have been insignificant; and if this "star condemned" was the centre of a system of worlds, their destruction must have been the work of a moment. And our sun is but a little star in the immensity of the universe. Indestructible and imperishable as the solar system seems to us to be, a few hours might (by inference from the case before us) suffice for its annihilation. In the temporary outshining of the little star we have so lately witnessed, we have a warning of the probably full fulfilment of the prophecy, that "the earth and all that therein is shall be burned up." J. CARPENTER.

* A few days after the above date a second letter was forwarded to the same journal by the assistant of the Cambridge Observatory, at the request of the Director, Professor Adams. This other was also received at once. It never appeared. And yet the Times gave insertion to two others upon the same subject, one of which was twaddle, while the sole claim the other had to notice was the name and reputation of the writer. The excitement of the letters from the Observatory and from the Cambridge Observatory, and the insertion of those from writers who had in this matter no real claim to notice, reflect little credit upon the judgment and justice of those who preside over the correspondence department of the "leading journal."

* Since writing the earlier part of this article we have learnt that a distinguished Continental astronomer was closely observing the part of the heavens where this star appeared on the very evening of its appearance. He saw a certain star at some hour in confidence as such a star was visible, yet four hours later upon the same evening the star was seen.

☞ The exciting topic at Saratoga is the quarrel which has arisen between John Morrissey, the noted turfite, and the Orlando Morrisey charges the hotel keepers there with being mean, because they would not subscribe for purses to be given during the race week. The latter retort that the race week injures the place, because of the operations which Morrissey connects with it—that while they may gain for one week by the patronage of the horse people, they lose for a month the business of hundreds of respectable families.

☞ Hiram Merrill, of Pittsfield, was married last week, aged 81 years. He gave his bride $20,000; she being somewhat younger than himself. He was unable to get out of the carriage, and the ceremony was performed while the parties were sitting in the carriage.

☞ To remove warts from cattle, anoint them once in three or four days with a mixture of equal parts of blue vitriol, lard and honey.

☞ Two young men were lost in the Mammoth Cave, Kentucky, on Wednesday week, and had not been found up to last accounts.

FOREIGN AFFAIRS.

The Atlantic cable is in proper working order at last, and we have begun to realize its capacity for supplying very recent news. Had its terminus on this continent not been upon such an out-of-the-way place as a petty hamlet in Newfoundland, and had the line across the Gulf of St. Lawrence been in working order when the Great Eastern arrived in Trinity Bay with the cable ready for being fixed on shore, the telegraphic despatches from the Old World would have reached the United States newspapers considerably earlier than they did, at first. However, a decided improvement is evident.

The European news is satisfactory. Peace will speedily be declared. Austria will have to resign her supremacy (guaranteed by the treaties of Vienna, in 1815) over the German Confederacy, which will henceforth dissolved—a Northern Band, to be formed, with Prussia at its head, and a Southern probably with Bavaria as leader, Austria not being allowed to belong to either. Austria will lose no territory, except Venetia—to lose which is really a gain, for it was the troublesome white elephant, the maintenance of which was costly and troublesome. The Tyrol, against which the Italians had already made hostile demonstrations, remains Austrian. As far back as the year 1363, the Tyrol was held by Austria, was incorporated with Austria in 1665, and with a short intermission early in the last century when the Elector of Bavaria took possession of it, remained Austrian until 1805, when Napoleon gave it to Bavaria. In 1814, it was restored to Austria, by whom it has been held ever since. Saxony, Bavaria, Wurtemberg and Baden-Baden remained untouched by Prussia. Part of Hanover will be annexed, to place Prussia in direct territorial connection with Holstein and Schleswig, and that northern part of Schleswig which is undeniably Danish in laws, language, and race, will be restored to the King of Denmark. Here and there, among the small duchies, parts of Germany will be added to Prussia;—it would be a wise arrangement if all the small German principalities were to become absorbed by one of the great powers. Frankfort must pay $10,000,000 to Prussia, or literally be shut up, and Austria will have to disburse seventy million francs (equal to $12,000,000 of our money) to reimburse Prussia for the expenses of the war. Venetia will become part of the Kingdom of Italy, and there is nothing certain, as yet, as to what France is to receive—now, indeed, whether Napoleon will ask for anything.

It is to be remembered that, for some years, almost from the time of Bismarck's becoming head of the Government, the King and the Parliament of Prussia have been on very bad terms. The monarch is a practical despot whose study, since he ascended the throne in 1861, has been to check the advance of thought and the progress of political freedom in Prussia, and in other parts of Germany. The Chamber of Deputies have been ardent liberals; but the Upper Chamber or Herrenhaus, chiefly consisting of princes, nobles, great landowners, high official dignitaries, and representatives of universities and cities, are strongly oligarchical and side with the King. Year after year, the Lower Chamber has refused to vote the large war-budget demanded by the Government, and, year after year, the King has dissolved the Chamber and levied the money he wanted by means of taxes, for the collecting of which he had no argument but that of force. This time, he met the Parliament in person, with the prestige of that recent military success which has raised Prussia to the rank of a first-class nation. He could boast that the war with Denmark had been carried on without adding anything to the national burdens, and that the present war had been equally self-supporting; he admitted the illegality of collecting taxes without a warrant from the Parliament, but justifies it on the ground of necessity; he condescends to say that he will ask for an act of indemnity for the past, and hopes that "the hitherto existing neglect be thereby finally and the more securely brought to a conclusion, as it may be expected that the political position of his fatherland will admit of *an extension of the frontiers of the State* and the establishment of a united Federal army, under the leadership of Prussia, costs which will be borne by all the members of the Confederation."

It is most probable that the Prussian Parliament, influenced by the King's soliciting this act of indemnity, and affected by the great military successes of the Prussian armies, will condone the past, and give the King one more fair trial. It should not surprise us to learn that Bismarck himself, who has been the most hated man in Prussia, may come in for some of his master's present popularity.

☞ A newspaper correspondent, describing the costume of a belle at a recent ball, says: "Miss B., with that repugnance to orientalism in dress which is so peculiar to her sex, was attired in a simple white lace collar, fastened with a neat pearl button solitaire." A "simpleature," truly—if that was all of it.

☞ "We trust the Lord is on our side, Mr. Lincoln," said the speaker of a delegation of Christian men to that good man, during one of the darkest days of the rebellion. "I do not regard that as essential as something else," replied Mr. Lincoln. The pious visitors looked horror-struck until the President added—"I am most concerned to know that we are on the Lord's side."

☞ A fast man's advice to his son—Whatever you do, my boy, do it; and wherever you go, go it.

☞ The Millerites say it will grow hotter and hotter every year, until finally the world consumes.

☞ At a prayer meeting in Washington, on the morning after the assassination of President Lincoln, a colored man, praying for vengeance on the murderer, said, "Now, Lord, you gib it to 'em right smart, and don't be so merciful as you generally am."

☞ Like cures like. Sulphur comes from Vesuvius; therefore it is good for eruptions.

☞ "Have you any bluebottom bonnets?" inquired a very modest miss of a shopkeeper. "Any what?" "Any bluebottom bonnets?" "Any—you don't mean Leghorn?" The young lady was brought to by the proper remonstrance.

☞ A St. Louis miss of fourteen, eloped with a young Italian, and chanced a minister into marrying them by placing a slip of paper with eighteen written on it in her shoe, and when questioned as to her age, saying she was over eighteen.

☞ A picture in the Paris salon represents a curious custom in Persia—namely, a courier fast asleep in the desert; he ties a lighted match round his toe, which, when a certain number of hours are past, is sure to wake him up by burning his toe.

A Card.

FROM THE LONDON PUNCH.

Louis Napoleon begs to inform the Emperors and Kings of Europe, and the public generally, that his business of Commission Agency is carried on as heretofore at the Palace of the Tuileries, where he may be consulted daily, or, if pressing need be, Nightly, and where all confidential letters must be sent. Having a few of the Ideas which belonged to his late uncle, L. N. may be with safety consulted on state subjects, and feels himself quite competent to give the best advice. In all matters of dispute his judgment is proverbial; and, being thoroughly a master of diplomatic language, he is able for his clients to prove that white is black.

Besides giving his advice to Kings and Emperors in need of it, Louis Napoleon is prepared to act for them as Umpire at the very shortest notice, and may be relied upon for giving a decision quite unbiassed by any party interested, except, of course, himself. In arbitration cases, and quarrels between friends, L. N. may be called in without pecuniary fee, provided there be some little advantage to be gained by him. His knowledge of geography is thoroughly profound, and enables him to render an inestimable service to any one desirous of correcting an old map. Having had great experience in the art of land-surveying, he is ready to advise as to the altering of boundaries and removal of all landmarks which may be thought a little obsolete and somewhat out of date. L. N. may, in like manner, be privately consulted as to the best means of upsetting an old treaty; and his advice may be had gratis as to changing or removing any ancient bounds of territory, so as to increase his own.

Countries bought and sold, or valued and allotted, as the Umpire may direct. New maps exchanged for old ones. State treaties neatly broken, and the pieces picked up with the utmost care. A few new Emperors, like Maximilian, always kept on hand, and ready to be exported at half-a-moment's notice to any nation wanting them. Cracked crowns exchanged, or strengthened and repaired. State secrets kept most carefully. Clever negotiators, such as Prince Napoleon, prepared to start upon important diplomatic missions, and furnished from Headquarters with the brains they may require. A private telegraph upon the premises to all the capitals in Europe, and an efficient staff of clerks who sit up day and night.

☞ Address, Louis Napoleon, European Umpire and Commission Agent, Paris.

N. B. No connection with the opposition firm of Needle-gun and Bismarck.

☞ In a trial at Buffalo of an action brought by a livery-stable keeper against a man who had hired a horse and chaise of him, and smashed up the latter most essentially and the former somewhat, Tom Hallenback was called as witness. "Do you know this horse, Mr. Witness?" "Yes, sir, I owned him formerly." "What's your business?" "I am the city sexton." "For what reason did you sell him." "Why, the truth is that he was too slow for my business, and I let him go to a livery-stable man!"

☞ Washing the head with cold black tea once or twice a week will keep the hair from falling off, prevent its growing gray, and give it a fine, lively lustre. So we are informed by a young lady with very black eyes.

☞ Teach your boys to shut doors and gates after them. Also, to clean their shoes before entering the house, and to wash, and to comb their hair before coming to meals.

☞ During these hot days, says the Bee Gazette, keep pure water near your hives.

☞ An immense quantity of modern confession of sin, even when honest, is merely a sickly egotism, which will rather gloat over its own evil than lose the centralization of its interest in itself.

☞ The immense burst in the Chinese Empire in idol worship is said to cost $450,000,000 annually.

☞ A Texas snake lately crawled into a house in Galveston, and swallowed a leg of mutton.

☞ A new-fangled machine at Montgomery, Ala., turns out 25,000 bricks per day.

☞ The largest masses of gold ever found were—first, that found at Ballarat, Australia, in 1859, which weighed 224 lbs.; second, that found in Calaveras county, in 1854, which weighed 195 lbs.

☞ The Concord Statesman says that on Friday morning there were fires kept up on board the cars on the Northern Railroad for the comfort of passengers. Two days previously the thermometer was about 100 degrees.

☞ General Sherman, while at Portsmouth, N. H., spoke in fitting terms of the heroism of our soldiers, and some one in the crowd made the remark to the effect that the western men deserved all the credit. "I see no difference between the eastern and western soldiers," said the General, promptly.

☞ The Egyptian Government has published an announcement that Prince Ismail Bey has been made an "infant," and that none of his debts, contracted without the written consent of his guardian, will be paid. This infant is about 40 years old; 'twas he who lost summer last $20,000 a day at cards, at the Imperial Club, Paris.

☞ A Bachelor's Rule.—A wealthy bachelor of California having had one or two lawsuits for breach of promise, now replies to any young lady who wishes a few minutes' private conversation, "No you don't, madam. It cuts me to the heart to be compelled to doubt the honorableness of your intentions, but that sort of thing is played out. My rule is imperative, and if you have any business with me, it must be transacted in the presence of two witnesses!"

☞ At one of our hotels a few days since a newly married couple made their appearance, and when seated at the dinner-table their affectionate conduct and somewhat awkward manner in making their wants known attracted the attention of other guests, who eyed the loving pair so closely, and failing to conceal their amusement, the verdant husband exclaimed, "What are you laughing at? *I've been married a week!*"

☞ The latest case of conscience is the man who cheated at cards, because he disapproved of games of chance. He made a certainty of it.

☞ In London recently, a ferocious game cock flew at a child and pecked it so severely on the head that death resulted.

☞ The other of the Bellville (Texas) Countryman has seen a rattlesnake killed near that village which was fourteen feet long, six inches through the body, and had forty-two rattles. Three men armed with fence rails, had a desperate struggle to kill him.

☞ From two to three millions of paper collars are consumed every day in the United States alone.

I translated Ben's remarks to Benita, who burst out into a merry, joyous laugh, and, turning to him, exclaimed:

"*Muchas gracias, Caballero!*"

"What does she say, Leftenant?" inquired Hardy.

"She returns you many thanks for your kind words and still kinder intentions."

"Did you tell her all, hoss—every thing?"

"Every thing, Ben."

"Wall, now, jest tell her she's welcome. By Jehu! but she's a purty piece!—a regular screamer, and no mistake!"

From that moment the rough Kentuckian felt a most friendly regard for my pretty charge, and I no longer feared any difficulty in taking her with us and getting her safely to Soto la Marina.

As neither Ben nor his companion could speak Spanish, I had the whole conversation with Benita to myself; and we had the further satisfaction of knowing we could converse freely on any subject, without being understood by those who might hear us. And the more I conversed with her, the deeper grew my admiration, the hours truly flying by on golden wings. The interest I took in her fate and fortune, gradually deepened into something more than mere friendship or brotherly regard; and I sometimes thought, if we were to be many days together, under circumstances so calculated to draw out and cement our sympathies, I might have cause to look out for that heart which I had almost vowed no woman should ever again have in her keeping.

It was perhaps a couple of hours past noon, when Benita remarked, that, if we could get into the apartment where the provisions were kept, she doubted not we could find the materials for a good dinner, which she would cook for us with pleasure. I immediately acted upon the suggestion; and going to the door in question, I found it unfastened, and the provisions scattered about, as if a large portion had been taken away in haste. There was enough for all our wants, however; and in little more than an hour from that time we all sat down to a smoking meal, which the fair hands of Benita had prepared for us.

During all this time we had kept a watch upon the surrounding scene—some one of the three going up to the azotea every few minutes, to see if we could discover anything of our friends or enemies, but so far meeting with no success. Being the first to finish my dinner, and leaving my companions deep in their devotions to hot *tortillas*, *frijoles*, and *chile colorado*, I once more ascended to the azotea.

For the first two or three minutes, as usual, I saw nothing to fix my attention; and I was just on the point of descending from the overpowering heat, when, away in the edge of a somewhat distant wood, I thought I espied, moving slowly along, the figure of a man, in the garb of a peasant, though the distance was too great to render it certain whether I beheld a man or an animal. That it was a living object of some kind, however, there could be no doubt; and arguing that, if it were a peasant, it probably belonged to the rancho, and perhaps could give me some information of my friends or enemies, I at once resolved to venture forth for a capture. Hurrying down to the patio, I hastily informed my friends of my discovery and intentions; and bidding them remain and keep watch, and the gate locked against surprise, I darted to the stable and led forth my horse.

"Shan't I go 'stead of you, Leftenant?" queried Hardy.

"No, you do not know where the object is I saw, and it would take me too long to point it out. Do you and Hawkins remain here; but it may be as well for you to keep watch from the roof, and have your horses out ready for mounting, in case I should need assistance."

"Oh, Senor, are you going to leave us?" said Benita, in a tone of surprise and alarm, as she saw me mount my horse, and Ralph hasten forward to open the gate.

"Only for a few minutes," I replied, making an explanation in Spanish of my purpose, which she had not understood when spoken in English to my companions.

"Oh, do not go, Don Edmondo!" she cried, in alarm. "I fear something will happen to you!"

"Nay, dear Benita, be not uneasy—I will be back in a few minutes. I am well mounted and armed, and shall be on my guard; and should I happen to discover an enemy too formidable to fight, I can easily fly back to this covert."

"The saints protect you!" she prayed; "but ah! I tremble for something—for something fearful, my friend—I know not what!"

I again assured her there was no danger, and that I should probably not pass from her sight; and the gate by this time being open, I waved her an adios, touching my lips with my fingers; and then, putting spurs to my horse, I rode forth at a gallop.

Was I ever to return?

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

☞ The Rev. Dr. Walker, a very able, a very worthy, and highly respected Orthodox divine of the city of Portland, preached the Sunday after the calamity in reference thereto. He pronounced the burning of Portland a judgment from God occasioned by the great sins of the people. About the time his sermon was concluded, the steeple of his church was struck by lightning, and shattered to the foundation! If the philosophy of his sermon is sound, what are we to think of the congregation to whom the reverend gentleman ministers, to say nothing of the pastor?

☞ A process has been discovered by which India rubber can be bleached to a pure white, and after having been hardened will be used for the manufacture of collars and cuffs. It is difficult, one which has been long sought for, and is done by a chemical process, which is said to be fatal to the workmen engaged therein, unless protection is afforded them. So fearfully dangerous are the fumes arising from the combination of the required chemicals, that the workmen are encased in armor and are supplied with pure air from other apartments than the one in which they labor.

☞ A French paper says that in a commune near Avranches an owl has taken terrible vengeance for the loss of her young, which had been killed by a farmer's lad. For four days the owl was on the watch for the destroyer, and on the fifth, upon the boy leaving the farmhouse, the injured bird, which had been perched upon a tree, pounced down upon him, and with one stroke of its claws tore out his left eye.

☞ Bathing shoes for ladies in England are made of felt, with double soles, and, when taken off, need only wringing out. For bathing places where the shore is pebbly, ladies find them a great comfort.

SATURDAY EVENING POST.

PHILADELPHIA, SATURDAY, AUGUST 18, 1866.

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The paper will be sent to different post offices if desired. The names and money should be forwarded as rapidly as obtained, in order that the subscribers may begin to receive their papers at once, and not become dissatisfied with the delay. When the whole amount of money is received, the Sewing Machine will be duly forwarded.

The Clubs may be composed partly of subscribers to THE POST, and partly to THE LADY'S FRIEND, if desired.

☞ In all cases the Machine sent will be the regular WHEELER & WILSON'S No. 3 Machine, sold by them in New York for Fifty-five Dollars. The Machine will be selected new at the manufactory in New York, boxed, and forwarded free of cost, with the exception of freight.

NOTES OF STATE BANKS.

Our subscribers will please not send us the notes of the State Banks in payment of their subscriptions, as the National Banks will not receive them on deposit. We give full directions in our "Terms" as to the proper mode of mailing us money.

ANOTHER OLD SUBSCRIBER.

Mr. W. K. Campbell, of Carlisle, Penn., writes:—

"I think we may be ranked as among the 'oldest subscribers' to your paper. It has been in the family ever since it was established in 1821, I believe (and with this I will mail one of the papers of July, 1823, that you may see the improvements made in the paper since that time."

Yes, THE POST for 1821 was a somewhat different paper from that we now issue—being but little over half the present size. And yet people, we believe, were just as well satisfied with it in that day of small things, as they are now with the present paper. We probably pay more now for the contributions to one number than in 1823 was paid for the whole year. For that matter, Mr. Atkinson, the founder of the paper, would probably have been as shocked if asked to pay a contributor, that he would not have recovered his appetite for a week. In those days the honor of writing for a paper, and such a paper, was considered sufficient. But we have fallen upon mercenary times.

"Alas, alas, we can but grieve
For the good old days of Adam and Eve."

The Sewing Machine Premium.

Anna E. Koon writes as follows from Wharton, Texas:

"The sewing machine came safely. I am very much pleased with it; had no trouble in putting it up and working it. I feel that I am paid for getting up a club. All the subscribers, as far as I can learn, are pleased with the magazines and papers. Accept many thanks for your promptness."

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

TRIED AND TRUE; OR, LOVE AND LOYALTY. A Story of the Great Rebellion. By Mrs. Bella Z. Spencer. Published by W. J. Holland & Co., 614 Chestnut street, Philada. For sale only by Agents. C. E. Plumb, General Agent. Price $1.75. This is a large volume of nearly 400 pages, and published in excellent style. It is embellished with a steel engraving of the author, which does not look much like her, and several wood engravings, illustrative of the scenes in the work. The story is based (Mrs. Spencer says in a preface) upon facts which came to her knowledge while on her visits to the Army of the South-West during the War. Many incidents of that great struggle, including the attack upon Fort Fisher and the battle of Shiloh, are interwoven with the narrative. As we have not yet had time to more than glance through the volume, our readers must be content for the present with this brief notice; only assuring them that the story appears to be in the author's best style, and of a very interesting character.

SUPERSTITION AND FORCE. Essays on the Wager of Law—The Wager of Battle—The Ordeal—Torture. By Henry C. Lea. Published by Henry C. Lea, Philada. Mr. Lea's volume appears to bear the evidence of great and careful research on the interesting questions treated of.

THE RED DOCTOR. Translated from the French of J. P. Lafitte by Huon D'Aramis. Published by J. B. Lippincott & Co., Philada.

PAPERS FROM OVERLOOK HOUSE. Published by J. B. Lippincott & Co., Philada.

HOW I MANAGED MY HOUSE ON £200 ($1,000) A YEAR. By Mrs. Warren. Published by Loring, Boston, and for sale by G. W. Pitcher, Phila. Price 50 cents.

THE LADY'S AND GENTLEMEN'S SCIENCE OF ETIQUETTE. By Count D'Orsay and Countess de Calabrella. Published by T. B. Peterson & Bros., Philada.

JENNY AMBROSE; OR, LIFE IN THE EASTERN STATES. By the author of "Lights and Shadows of Factory Life." Published by T. B. Peterson, Philada.

TIMOTHY CRUMP'S WARD. Published by Loring, Boston. For sale by G. W. Pitcher, Philada.

South American Civilization.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,

BY COSMO.

TOPOGRAPHICAL FEATURES—COAST VIEWS—CASCADES—INDRAUGHT—A FERTILE REGION—CHARACTERISTICS OF SPANISH WOMEN—LAVANDERA ROMANCE.

Northward from the valley of Chuchuquira the Pacific Slope is less rugged and broken through by rivers than that portion lying between it and Valparaiso, being an inclined plane, undulating, and here and there broken into sharp sierras, of no great altitude, for a few leagues next the base of the Andes, but smoothing down gradually until within fifteen leagues of the coast the surface is very like our northwestern prairies, cut through at intervals by the minor streams that come down from the mountains. This gentle rolling surface continues to within from one to three leagues from the coast line, where it rises again in a general way abruptly, presenting finally a precipitous sea wall, guttered and gullied, sometimes showing patches of dense timber growing to the very verge of the cliffs, then bare, rugged knobs, rocky peaks in a thousand fantastic shapes; and as one sails close in along the coast, the continually changing features enlivened at every few furlongs by streams rushing tumultuously through the riven chasms, and then as if lashed into foaming fury by the rapid race along their broken beds, plunge headlong down their last leap in cascades of snowy spray, mingling their music and melted Andean snows with the brine and fiercer roar of the Pacific surf, surging and fretting everlastingly against the base of the mighty wall. Picturesque and romantic beyond the power of pen or pencil to describe, is the varying view as you sail along this portion of the Chilean coast at the distance of a league or so from land. But have a care of being tempted to nearer companionship, lest you find the fairy enchantment suddenly vanish, and yourself a victim of misplaced confidence.

For many leagues along this part of the coast, coming within a mile of the shore, there begins a mysterious indraught or current setting directly in shore, so strong that a well manned man-of-war's cutter can scarcely stem it, and as notwithstanding there are never any gales or storms in this portion of the Pacific, the surf always beats furiously against the rocks, and there being no beach and but few places where the cliffs can be climbed, even by an expert sailor, it will be seen that venturing too near the charming picture would be certain to result in an awkward and decidedly unpleasant take-in.

Inland, through all the region extending from about the parallel of thirty down to the southern borders of the singular desert we were going to explore, or attempt to, the scenery, though short of all the rugged romance that marks the coast pictures or Andean presentations, is nevertheless a most delightful panorama, so changing, and presenting new features at every league of travel that it is an exquisite kaleidoscope on a magnificent scale. No Italian or Andalusian landscape ever presented features more charmingly diversified. No region anywhere on earth ever presented to man a soil more fertile, or climate more delightful and salubrious.

Semi-tropical by geographical position, tropical, without the tropic's scorching fires, by a mysterious elemental arrangement, we find in all this favored territory tropical fruits and flowers and grains mingling promiscuously with those of the temperate zones. The fig, banana, peach, pine, cherry, cocoa, plantain, pear and pomegranate, all near neighbors, fraternizing with the almond, mulberry, olive and plum, growing over wide fields of wheat or inner breadths of luxuriant maize—the elder shrub, identical with that of the United States, only here attaining the dignity of a modest, beautiful tree, with clustering fruit of royal purple the size of gooseberries. Beside the elder tree grows the Gossypium Arboreum—the tropical perennial cotton, also a tree, bearing profusely bolles of white, silky fibre, in season white as the southern magnolia in bloom, with bursting pods.

Of vegetables—potatoes, sweet and white, peas, beans, beets, cabbages, onions, lettuce, and except the parsnip, all the store of a North American garden, growing luxuriantly, mingling with melons, yams, manzanillas and many another fruit and vegetable unknown in our garden and market lists, but excellent nevertheless, all abound, maturing in perfection wherever industry displaces indolence and indisposition to labor; and it is but justice to say that we found in this favored midland Chilean region industrious habits more universal among all classes and conditions of men and women than we had ever before observed in any other section of South America.

Of course, no woman of Spanish birth or lineage, no matter in what corner of the earth one finds her planted, is ever going to perform any ordinary menial drudgery, unless compelled by circumstances more imperative than any of the usual exigencies which make labor among women of the United States, Great Britain, and divers European countries a necessity. It is astonishing as well as amusing to a new student of Spanish female character to see how adroitly and with what admirable tact one of the dames will shoulder off the responsibilities of all indoor duties that have about them any shade of ordinary household labor, upon some inferior domestic of another race whom the very complacently considers born heir to toil; or this possibly failing, as it sometimes does from poverty precluding the possibility of the employment of a working machine, quite as complacently the pretty senora flings herself unreservedly into the arms of protecting Providence, finding, happily for her comfort and happiness in almost all countries peopled by the Spanish race, a most indulgent stepmother, affording spontaneous supplies adequate to the modest requirements of her easily satisfied stepdaughter.

And yet the Spanish women are no where, so far as my acquaintance with them extends, lazy in the general acceptation of the term—only they seem to have universally an innate horror of any really useful indoor manual labor, and therein they are something singularly eccentric. In thousands of instances I have seen Spanish women who from pecuniary conditions might be exempt from labor, and who rather than perform any ordinary indoor duties or cook a meal would go hungry and put up with almost any discomforts, labor cheerfully in the field, or at some outdoor avocation that a stranger, not a Spaniard, would say was more properly man's work.

More generally, however, the industry of the Spanish women in the middle classes of society crops out in embroidery and fancy needle work, at both of which they are as a rule real artists, and seem never to weary of it. I have known a Spanish dame plying busy fingers for weeks consecutively on her husband's shirt bosom of finest linen, or working very miracles of embroidery on a vest pattern, or dress for herself, who would not sew on a button, or put a stitch in a *poncho* of ordinary material to save herself, family and the whole Spanish race from everlasting purgatory.

There is one avocation, however, that Spanish women of all countries, and more especially of Spanish America, appear to be born with an inherent predisposition for, taking to it as naturally as a Lynn born boy does to last and leather. The Spanish *Lavandera* is in all climes the very best wash woman in the world—eminently so in South America. They elevate the calling of renovating foul linen to an art—often to a very high art. In frequent instances I have seen fair senoras and senoritas, or as fair as we find them in the tropics, who would scorn to put their hands to any domestic indoor duty, prouder of presenting you a dozen or two pieces of your linen regenerated by her own hands, and most immaculately white and pearly, than she would be of the most elegant accomplishment ever possessed by woman. They are marvelously expert, too, these lady *lavanderas*, in many instances, and really fascinating washwomen, especially those of the interior of Chile, Bolivia and Peru.

In Brazil we had been accustomed to see all the washing performed by female slaves, black as thunder clouds, and ugly as sin—in the Provinces of the Rio de la Plata by tawny, repulsive half breeds—throughout southern Chile by female barbarians but a grade above the brutes; and so naturally enough when in central Chile we saw the pretty, bright-eyed senoras, charming in person, often exquisite in features, chatty, intelligent, and musically merry—a whole bevy of sylphs and naiads, knee-deep or deeper in cool, crystal stream, washing admirably, and wearing their most bewitching smiles, we said many complimentary things, mostly equivalent to—"*Cari!* Here at last is art and poetry, if not literally in a washtub, at least in clothes-washing and rinsing and wringing." I have just here a bit of *lavandera* romance that is perhaps worth the writing and reading—

Somehow by the negligence of our *dispensario*, whose duty besides being steward, caterer, and major-domo to the party, was to take charge of all our wearing apparel that was not in actual service, we had spent our three weeks in Valparaiso, seven in all, on board the Esmeralda, and then proceeded to the northward to within some twenty leagues of the southern border of the desert, before it was discovered that in all that time there had been no clothes washed.

Our pack-mules were not well calculated for the carriage of Saratoga trunks, consequently before entering upon the unexplored waste, it was a necessity that there should be a general family wash, as I am doubtful if a change of clean linen all round could have been mustered out of the entire stock, and we said—"If we are to be laid out to dry on this black, scorching pantheon, let us at least be laid out clean and decently." So we set about looking out for a *lavandera*, and found a whole community of them.

At dusk on the same evening that our need was discovered, we came to one of the prettiest, most charming little villages we had seen anywhere in the south country. It was a hamlet of perhaps fifty houses, all of the better class adobes and being a post-town, had a more respectable *posada* than we had yet seen in Chile. Making the inn our headquarters, and having comfortably disposed of ourselves and horses, one of our first inquiries was for a washwoman.

Senorita Harmonia, the innkeeper's daughter, a glorious dusky Hebe, with brilliant black eyes, and the very finest hair and teeth I have ever seen, I think, promptly responded:

"*Senores, senoras y senors, tengo lavanderas bastante aqui.*" (At your service, ladies and gentlemen; I have plenty of washwomen here.)

So they had it appeared, for Hebe Harmonia went out at once, and before we were through supper we had with us over twenty Chilena senoras, all young, all well dressed, well bred, and as for their looks—Dr. Bond—reliable authority in such matters, declared always, as long as he lived, that nowhere had he ever seen so many women in any one assembly, large or small, so very lovely. We all endorsed the doctor's opinion, except Cator, who went into a regular salt-water flurry, swearing by the "Ghost" of *Moby Dick* that we had fallen upon or in among a flight of angels.

"*Angelitos lavanderas!* La verdada—so we are, Senor Capitan, and if our friends will remain two days at San Christobal, it will be our pleasure to do their washing."

Then Hebe Harmonia led forward, and to within a single step of Cator, the—the—pshaw! expletives were useless—twenty times over I heard every one of our party, male and female, declare that never was there another created woman so exquisitely lovely. Fairer than any of her companions, and so like Correggio's miraculous Madonna. Harmonia said with a twinkle of laughing mischief in her bright eyes:

"We have but one angel among us, Senor Capitan. This is she—Senorita Anjiel De Alegria."

At first we thought Harmonia romancing. But she said seriously:

"It is true, ladies and gentlemen. This is our sweet sister—Anjiel. She is an orphan by God's hand, but a very dear sister and daughter to all here at San Christobal."

What a name—how very appropriate in English for a being so beautiful and good—*Angel of Joy*. And we all blessed and blessed the bloating angel, and called her *Hermosamana*. Cator, in his admiration, did more. He hugged the lovely girl right to his heart as if she had been his wife, and said:

"God bless you, dear Anjiel! So I have found you again when I thought you were lost forever. Thank God!" And the sweet angel murmured as she laid her arms lovingly around our sea-lion's neck:

"God is very good, dear Juan. I am happy."

And without a word of explanation Cator went off with the angel, and so we wondered widely until the following morning, when looking for our lost shipmate we found him beside his Angel, and the angel in the midst of the lovely washwomen, and they all nearly to their waists in the water a quarter of a mile from the village, washing and rinsing and wringing out our soiled linen, Cator washing and wringing out, too, with all his might. At last, having driven him out on dry land and into a corner, Cator confessed that four years previously at Valparaiso he had loved and lost Dona Anjiel De Alegria, and now having so providentially found her again, as soon as they were done washing, there was going to be a wedding, and an *Angel of Joy* forever for his companion.

So we laid by a day for the wedding, and then with renovated wardrobes, and our handsome, salt sea-lion, with as lovely a bride as ever trod this earth, we resumed our journey towards the desert.

The Russian Peasant Made a Noble.

The saving of the life of the Emperor of Russia seems likely to result in the spoiling of a very respectable young peasant, a hatter by trade, who had the honor to jog the would-be assassin's arm, and so direct the pistol ball wide of the imperial mark. He is wholly uneducated, and therefore unfit for the cultivated society into which his lot is now cast, through the gratitude of Alexander; and Gen. Todleben, the defender of Sebastopol, has undertaken the task of imparting the needed instruction. The name of this person is the terrible one of Joseph Kommissaroff Kostromski. His patent of nobility has been published, and a correspondent writes of him that "he is absolutely a martyr to public feeling, and has no doubt many a time wished himself back at hat-making." He was made hereditary noble by the Emperor. St. Petersburg, Moscow and Kostroma elected him member of their corporations; two landed proprietors of the latter place gave him immense tracts of land; a banker of Moscow begged him to accept a large sum to enable him to support his new condition in life; a national subscription has purchased for him a magnificent house in Moscow; the municipality of St. Petersburg by decree have conferred upon him the title of the "First Citizen of St. Petersburg," and he has been elected honorary member of all the clubs in Russia. Louis Napoleon has conferred upon him the Cross of the Legion of Honor, the Emperor of Austria has sent him the Commander's Cross of the Franz Joseph Order, and he is hereafter to be known as "Kostromsky of Kostroma." On his first appearance at the theatre he was obliged to appear, accompanied by his wife, on the stage, when he was the recipient of an ovation which is indescribable. Not content with giving him ovations at theatres, poor Kommissaroff has had to eat and drink with all sorts and conditions of men, from the artisan to the prince. At a dinner given by the nobles at St. Petersburg to the deputies from Moscow and other places who have come with addresses to the Emperor, Kommissaroff sat next to Count Orloff Davydoff, who was in the chair. There was the unfortunate Kommissaroff going through his second dinner that day, dressed for the first time in the stuffy uniform of a nobleman, and wiping his honest hot face with the trusty right hand that shoved Karakosoff's elbow. His health was drunk amidst cheers that might be compared to the roar of artillery, and he returned thanks in words that did not reach either his neighbors or the reporters, on account of the enthusiastic uproar which his presence created. How Mrs. Kommissaroff passes her time is not so well known, for her husband's popularity is but little reflected on her. She appears, however, by his side in a photograph which meets with an immense sale in the streets of the capital. But, of course, she will come in for some of the good things that are lavished on her husband.

Remedy for the Glanders.

This disease in horses, which has hitherto been considered fatal by all writers on the subject, is said to have been successfully combatted. A correspondent in the *Turf, Field and Farm* says:—

"In the last two numbers of Braithwaite's Retrospect are reported a series of experiments with the hyposulphite of soda, with a view to test its powers in arresting fermentative diseases. Among these experiments a number of dogs were inoculated with the virus of glanders. To a portion of them the hyposulphite of soda was administered; the others were left to nature. All the former recovered, and all the latter died. If there is any thing in this of a reliable character, a fair trial will soon make it manifest. It is supposed that one or two drachms administered two or three times a day will be sufficient. It may require more, but experiments will determine the quantity to be used, and also its value as a cure for glanders."

SILK WITHOUT SILKWORMS.—A very curious report comes to us from France, which, if true, permits the silkworm to its original undisturbed life, and reels silk from the mulberry tree without the intervention of cocoons. A. M. Brunet affirms that he has succeeded in reducing the fine textile substances which are found in the bark of the mulberry to the fineness, durability and general appearance of silk by chemical and mechanical processes, and affirms his faith in the discovery by buying up large quantities of the bark for producing this description of silk. If the discovery is real, plantations will become numerous in all those broad degrees where it can be grown; and as in this country that belt is both long and wide, we shall have profit from the invention. More strange things have happened in the world's history.

☞ A lecturer, maintaining before a mechanics' institute that art could not improve nature, was overwhelmed by the laughter of his audience, when one of them inquired, "How would you look without your wig?"

☞ Of all the political repartees one of the happiest was that of Sheridan, who, on being reproached by Pitt as forming a drag-chain on the wheels of government, bounded up with the reply, "that for once he would compliment the minister on the correctness of his allusion, since the drag-chain was never imposed but when the vehicle was going down hill."

A NEW STAR.

A CELESTIAL SURPRISE.

A few months ago, astronomers were taken by surprise by the bursting forth of a bright star in a part of the heavens where no star of such lustre had been known to exist before. It is not often that surprises occur to astronomers; they generally know to a dead certainty what celestial events are going to happen long before the time of their occurrence. Even when the discovery of a new planet is announced, it creates no wonder; for these philosophers know well that the "discovery" is only the picking up of a tiny wanderer about our system, whose faintness and insignificance kept it in obscurity till some powerful instrument detected its motion among the heap of stars by which it was surrounded: and they know well that in all probability there are doubtless more yet to be found, when diligent perseverance and still more powerful instruments are employed in the search. Neither does amazement come upon the astronomer when a strange comet visits his familiar skies: he knows that there are, to use Kepler's expression, "as many comets in the heavens as there are fishes in the sea," and he is too well acquainted with the erratic nature of these bodies to be surprised at any vagaries they may commit. But the appearance of a new fixed star is a far different phenomenon, and one which the most callous observer, astronomer or not, can scarcely regard with indifference. For the fixed stars, there can be no doubt, are stupendous suns, equalling, and in many cases doubtless surpassing, our luminary in magnitude and brilliancy: and although we cannot certainly tell, still there is at least reason for conjecturing that they may be surrounded by systems of planetary worlds like our own, and of which they are the life and light. The creation of a new star is, then, nothing less than the creation of a new sun, and surely such an event is in the highest degree important, regard it from whatever point of view we please.

The sudden apparition of a bright star is not a phenomenon without precedent, although of such comparatively rare occurrence that the annals of the past two thousand years do not furnish more than about twenty instances, or an average of about one a century. For the greater part of these we have no other authority than that afforded by Chinese records; and in some cases doubts have been expressed as to whether the so called "stars" were not in reality comets without tails. The most remarkable, and at the same time the best authenticated, instances of the appearance of temporary stars are those of the years 1572 and 1604, with each of which a great name is associated. The first was discovered by the famous Tycho Brahe. Returning one evening from his chemical laboratory, in the monastery of Herrizwadt, and raising his eyes as usual to the well-known vault of heaven, he tells us, "I observed, with indescribable astonishment, near the zenith, in Cassiopeia, a radiant fixed star of a magnitude never before seen. In my amazement, I doubted the evidence of my senses. However, to convince myself that it was no illusion, and to have the testimony of others, I summoned my assistants from the laboratory, and inquired of them, and of all the country people that passed by, if they also observed the star that had thus so suddenly burst forth. I subsequently heard that, in Germany, wagoners and other common people first called the attention of astronomers to this great phenomenon in the heavens—a circumstance, which, as in the case of non-predicted comets, furnished fresh occasion for the usual raillery at the expense of the learned." He then goes on to describe minutely the appearance of the visitor, and the changes it underwent during the seventeen months it remained in view. It gradually rose to a brilliancy only comparable to that of the planet Venus when nearest the earth; so that it was visible to keen eyes at noon-day, and even at night, when the sky was overcast, could occasionally be seen through the clouds. The telescope was not then invented, so that after it faded below the sixth magnitude—the lowest that can be seen with the naked eye—we have no information concerning it. It is, however, tolerably certain that, even with large telescopes, no trace whatever is now discernible of any star in the spot of the heavens which it occupied. The second of these famous new stars appeared during the life of the immortal Kepler: it was not, however, discovered by him, but by his pupil, Brownowski. In brilliancy it fell short of that of 1572; not equaling Venus in lustre, although surpassing all stars of the first magnitude, and even the planets Jupiter and Saturn: but it was remarkable for the extent of its twinkling or scintillation, which excited the astonishment of all who saw it. It remained visible for about the same time as that of 1572; having been first seen in October, 1604, and disappearing about March, 1606. Sixty four years after this, another star appeared, and was detected by the Carthusian monk, Anthelme; after several disappearances and reappearances, occurring during an interval of nearly two years, it finally vanished, and has never since been seen. With the exception of a new star, discovered in 1848 by Mr. Hind, and which attracted attention rather by its peculiar crimson color than by its magnitude—for it was comparatively small—the past two centuries afford no instance of the recurrence of an apparition of a bright new star, although the epoch includes all the brilliant discoveries of observatory astronomy that followed the birth of the telescope, and a continued and unbroken watch, precluding the idea that such a phenomenon could escape attention, may be said to have been kept over every part of the heavens. Astronomers of the present day were beginning to think they had been unfairly treated in not having the opportunity afforded them of witnessing such an event as has been manifested to their ancient predecessors, Tycho Brahe and Kepler; and it was, therefore, with agreeable surprise that they regarded the sudden apparition of the body that has called forth the present article.

The simple record of the phenomenon can be told in a few words. Somewhere about the 12th of May last a bright star suddenly appeared in the constellation Corona Borealis, or the Northern Crown. Which at first attracted attention, it shone out with a brilliancy of a star of the second magnitude; but it did not long retain this lustre, for it so rapidly diminished in brightness that, in little more than a week, it fallen below the limit at which stars are visible to the naked eye. In this rapid declension of magnitude this star is very remarkable; no similar instance is afforded by any of the stars that have appeared during the past two thousand years, most of these having remained in view several months; the shortest-lived of them, of which we have record, continuing visible for three weeks.

To whom we are to award the palm of first detecting this celestial stranger it is somewhat difficult to say at present. It was almost simultaneously observed in England, on the continent, and in America. It seems, however, probable that, so far as our present information enables us to judge, it was first observed by Mr. Birmingham, of Tuam, in Ireland, on the evening of the 12th of May. This gentleman, adopting the readiest means of calling the attention of astronomers and the public to the phenomenon, forwarded an announcement thereof to the Times, but his letter was never inserted. This is a circumstance much to be regretted; for while the publication of the letter would have established Mr. Birmingham's priority of observation, it would have secured ready intimation of the apparition to those to whom, in the interest of science, such early notice would have been of the utmost, we may say, of inestimable value.* The circulation of intelligence of the discovery had consequently to depend upon postal communication, and hence arose an unfortunate delay. The star, however, was detected on the continent on the day following Mr. Birmingham's discovery, and was independently discovered by Mr. Baxendell, of Manchester, on the 15th of the month. The hue and cry was raised, and all astronomical eyes were soon turned to the strange object; recording its position in the heavens, and noting the changes of brightness which it so rapidly underwent.

The place of the star having been accurately determined, it became important to know whether any star, however small, had ever existed in the spot before. Upon searching through the various standard star catalogues, it was found that a star had occupied its position; but a star of very small magnitude; below what astronomers call the ninth magnitude, or about one-eighth part as bright as the smallest star the naked eye can detect. The absolute agreement between the place of this small star and that of the one which (although it is a contradiction) we call the new one, left no shadow of a doubt that the two objects were identically one and the same. Hence it became evident that the phenomenon was not the absolute creation of a new star, but the sudden bursting into intense brilliancy of one hitherto comparatively obscure.

We are naturally prompted to inquire what is the cause of such an outburst? But this is a question more easily asked than answered. From the immeasurable distance of the fixed stars we can gain little or no insight into their physical structure. The most powerful of telescopes show us no more of the largest star than a tiny point of light, which no amount of magnification can expand into a real disc. We have nothing to guide us to a knowledge of the structure of the stars but their simple light. All glory to modern science that it should be able to extract information from that, and from that alone. By the mere light that emanates from any source, however remote, we are now enabled, by the new science of spectral analysis, to determine the nature of the source from which such light is emitted. In a previous article, some time ago, we pointed out the principal means by which this wonderful end is achieved: without repeating what we wrote in that article, it will be sufficient here to remind the reader, that when a beam of light is passed through a prism, it becomes spread out into a long luminous band, which is called a *spectrum*; that, if the light has emanated from some solid body in combustion, the resulting spectrum is a plain continuous ribband; that if the light in its course has had to pass through certain vapors or gases, this continuous spectrum is crossed by dark lines, due to the absorption of certain of the rays of which the beam of light is composed: but that if the light has been emitted by a luminous gas, the spectrum, instead of being continuous, consists of one or more bright lines, perfectly isolated, and with dark spaces intervening. Now, when the light from this strange star was collected by a telescope and passed through the prism, astounding indeed was the spectrum it produced. In the first place there was a continuous spectrum, like that given by the sun or any other star, indicating that the source of it was some body in a state of incandescence or combustion. In the second place, this continuous spectrum was crossed by several very bright lines, indicating that their source was a blaze of combustible gas: and, from the position which these lines occupied, there could be little doubt that the gas thus kindled into a blaze was principally hydrogen. Thus we are led to conclude that this star was, at the time of its greatest brilliancy, in the condition of a vast sun in a state of incandescence, surrounded by an atmosphere of hydrogen gas in a state of vivid combustion. Mr. Huggins, the most successful laborer in this field of observation, and the first who secured a "spectrum observation" of this star, says that "the character of the spectrum of the star, taken together with its sudden outburst in brilliancy and its rapid decline in brightness, suggests to us the rather bold speculation that, in consequence of some vast convulsion taking place in this object, large quantities of gas were evolved from it; that the hydrogen present burst by combination with some other element, and furnished the light represented by the bright lines; also that the flaming gas had heated to incandescence the solid matter of the photosphere."

But these little chinks hole peeps into Nature's vast laboratory only serve to stimulate our curiosity to gain a fuller insight into the mysterious processes there carried on. The more we know the more we find we have to learn, and the greater our desire to learn that more. Unfortunately—or fortunately, it is hard to say which—the supply of information we possess never comes up to the demand. What can we ever hope to know concerning a star that is many billions of miles distant from us? We may think, we may theorize, and we may infer knowing the causes that produce certain effects within the limited range of our accurate observation, we may boldly infer that the same causes will produce like effects upon a gigantic scale, and at distances beyond our observation; and we are justified in making such inferences by the knowledge that the laws of nature are irrespective of the magnitude of their operation. "We are on the right track for the discovery of truth," says a modern philosopher, "when we clearly recognise that between great and small no qualitative but only a quantitative difference exists,—when we resist the suggestions of an ever active imagination, and look for the same laws in the greatest as well as in the smallest processes of nature. This universal range is the essence of a law of nature, and the touchstone of the correctness of human theories."

To apply this argument to our subject. We know that we cannot render a body luminous without subjecting it to a high temperature; hence we may assume that the star that has lately become so brilliant has by some means become intensely heated; and modern science teaches us that what we call heat is nothing more than a certain phenomenon of motion, a motion of molecules or atoms. We all know that we excite heat by friction. Some of us may have heard that when a cannon-shot strikes a target it falls down blazing-hot; a blacksmith will beat a bar of iron to redness by a few well-directed blows with his hammer: and the meteor that darts through our atmosphere is raised to a temperature of incandescence by the friction it sustains against the impeding air. The explanation of these examples is the philosophical axiom that "when the motion of a body is arrested or impeded, the motion of the mass is converted into a motion of the atoms or molecules composing it, *and this molecular motion is heat.*" Force cannot be destroyed: attempt to destroy it, and it appears as heat. The relation between motive force and heat has been exactly determined, and it is always the same. A given amount of force arrested, produces an amount of heat always corresponding to the amount of force; and, *vice versa*, a given amount of heat will always produce a corresponding amount of force. To obtain an intense heat we must expend an enormous quantity of force. If the orbital motion of the earth were suddenly arrested, it would become heated to a temperature several times as great as that required to melt iron. And since we know that there is no other means but by expenditure of stupendous force that vehement heat can be generated, we are led to the conclusion that the kindling of the recent star has been the result of some violent collision between it and some other mass or masses of matter. What such a mass or masses of matter may have been, we have no substantial grounds upon which to hazard a conjecture. It may have been that some obscure body, wandering in those distant skies, clashed with the star and set it in a blaze; or, if the star had been a sun surrounded by planets, it may have been that, from some disturbance in the equilibrium in the system, it collapsed, and the planets were dashed against their primary with a force sufficient to generate the heat of which we have seen the result. But these are speculations, and speculative philosophy pushed too far degenerates into idealism.

Although the eruption of this star is to us a matter of to-day, it really must have occurred many years ago. We see objects by the light that comes from them, and although light travels with the enormous rapidity of 192,000 miles in a second, yet such is the immense distance of the fixed stars that it occupies more than three years in reaching us from the nearest of them, and probably centuries in coming from some of those more remote. We have no knowledge at present of the approximate distance of this particular star, but we can say that it is by no means a near one; so that very probably the bursting forth we have just witnessed took place a century ago. This, however, does not affect the *suddenness* of the phenomenon; whenever it occurred, the bursting forth was really as sudden as it appeared to us to be.

A circumstance so extraordinary as the conflagration of this star gives rise to ideas upon the stability of the component bodies of the universe, which we will briefly allude to in conclusion of this paper. We are accustomed to look upon our sun as a very symbol of sterility. We never allow our minds to entertain for a moment the possibility of that sun ever failing to supply us with its wonted store of light and heat, or ever giving off such an amount thereof as to destroy its surrounding worlds. Although we admit the probability of an end, we are habited to think that that end will be gradual, as was the beginning. The works of Omnipotence, or, if it be preferred, the processes of nature, are usually slow and progressive; we know that countless ages have been occupied in the creation of the world to its present state, and we justly think that the progress of decay will be as long and as gradual. But a phenomenon like the burning forth of this star annihilates the notion that nature's great works are slowly performed. Within the space of a few hours, as almost instantaneously,* this star, this distant sun, kindles to a heat compared to which its normal heat must have been insignificant; and if this "star condemned" was the centre of a system of worlds, their destruction must have been the work of a moment. And our sun is but a little star in the immensity of the universe. Indestructible and imperishable as the solar system seems to us to be, a few hours might (by inference from the case before us) suffice for its annihilation. In the temporary outshining of the little star we have so lately witnessed, we have a warning of the probably full fulfilment of the prophecy, that "the earth and all that therein is shall be burned up." J. CARPENTER.

* A few days after the above date a second letter was forwarded to the same journal by the assistant at the Cambridge Observatory, at the request of the Director, Professor Adams. This letter was also received, at least it never appeared. And yet the Times gave insertion to two letters upon the same subject, one of which was twaddle, while the other, from the other end to twaddle was the same and reputation of the writer. The exclusion of the letter from the Astronomer and from the Cambridge Observatory and the insertion of those from writers who had in this matter as small a claim to notice, reflect little credit upon the judgment and justice of those who preside over the correspondence department of the "leading journal."

* Those writing the earlier part of this article we have stated that a distinguished Continental astronomer was closely observing the part of the heavens where this star appeared on the very evening of its appearance. It is a certain six or seven hours before such a star was visible, yet four hours after upon the same evening the star was seen.

☞ The exciting topic at Saratoga is the quarrel which has arisen between John Morrissey, the noted turfite, and the Orleanists. Morrissey charges the hotel keepers there with being mean, because they would not subscribe for power to be given during the race week. The latter retort that the race week injures the place, because of the operations which Morrissey connects with it—that while they may gain for one week by the patronage of the horse people, they lose for a month the business of hundreds of respectable families.

☞ Hiram Merrill, of Pittsfield, was married last week, aged 81 years. He gave his bride $5,000; she being somewhat younger than himself. He was unable to get out of the carriage, and the ceremony was performed while the parties was sitting in the carriage.

☞ To remove warts from cattle, anoint them once in three or four days with a mixture of equal parts of blue vitriol, lard and honey.

☞ Two young men were lost in the Mammoth Cave, Kentucky, on Wednesday week, and had not been found up to last accounts.

FOREIGN AFFAIRS.

The Atlantic cable is in proper working order at last, and we have begun to realize its capacity for supplying very recent news. Had its terminus on this continent not been upon such an out-of-the-way place as a petty hamlet in Newfoundland, and had the line across the Gulf of St. Lawrence been in working order when the Great Eastern arrived in Trinity Bay with the cable ready for being fixed on shore, the telegraphic despatches from the Old World would have reached the United States newspapers considerably earlier than they did, at first. However, a decided improvement is evident.

The European news is satisfactory. Peace will speedily be declared. Austria will have to resign her supremacy (guaranteed by the treaties of Vienna, in 1815) over the German Confederacy, which will be forthwith dissolved—a Northern Bund, to be formed, with Prussia at its head, and a Southern probably with Bavaria as leader. Austria not being allowed to belong to either. Austria will lose no territory, except Venetia—to lose which is really a gain, for it was the traditionary white elephant, the maintenance of which was costly and troublesome. The Tyrol, against which the Italians had already made hostile demonstrations, remains Austrian. As far back as the year 1363, the Tyrol was held by Austria, was incorporated with Austria in 1665, and with a short intermission early in the last century when the Elector of Bavaria took possession of it, remained Austrian until 1805, when Napoleon gave it to Bavaria. In 1814, it was restored to Austria, by whom it has been held ever since. Saxony, Bavaria, Wurtemberg and Baden-Baden remained untouched by Prussia. Part of Hanover will be annexed, to place Prussia in direct territorial connection with Holstein and Schleswig, and that northern part of Schleswig which is undeniably Danish in laws, language, and race, will be restored to the King of Denmark. Here and there, among the small duchies, parts of Germany will be added to Prussia.—It would be a wise arrangement if all the small German principalities were to become absorbed by one of the great powers. Frankfort must pay $10,000,000 to Prussia, or literally be shut up, and Austria will have to disburse seventy million francs (equal to $12,600,000 of our money) to reimburse Prussia for the expenses of the war. Venetia will become part of the Kingdom of Italy, and there is nothing certain, as yet, as to what France is to receive—nor, indeed, whether Napoleon will ask for anything.

It is to be remembered that, for some years, almost from the time of Bismarck's becoming head of the Government, the King and the Parliament of Prussia have been on very bad terms. The monarch is a practical despot whose study, since he ascended the throne in 1861, has been to check the advance of thought and the progress of political freedom in Prussia, and in other parts of Germany. The Chamber of Deputies have been ardent liberals; but the Upper Chamber or Herrenhaus, chiefly consisting of princes, nobles, great landowners, high official dignitaries, and representatives of universities and cities, are strongly oligarchical and side with the King. Year after year, the Lower Chamber has refused to vote the large war-budget demanded by the Government, and, year after year, the King has dissolved the Chamber and levied the money he wanted by means of taxes, for the collecting of which he had no argument but that of force. This time, he met the Parliament in person, with the prestige of that recent military success which has raised Prussia to the rank of a first-class nation. He could boast that the war with Denmark had been carried on without adding anything to the national burdens, and that the present war had been equally self-supporting; he admitted the illegality of collecting taxes without a warrant from the Parliament, but justifies it on the ground of necessity; he condescends to say that he will ask for an act of indemnity for the past, and hopes that "the hitherto existing neglect be thereby finally and the more securely brought to a conclusion, as it may be expected that the political position of his fatherland will admit of *an extension of the frontiers of the State* and the establishment of a united Federal army, under the leadership of Prussia, costs which will be borne by all the members of the Confederation."

It is most probable that the Prussian Parliament, influenced by the King's soliciting this act of indemnity, and offended by the great military successes of the Prussian armies, will condone the past, and give the King one more fair trial. It should not surprise us to learn that Bismarck himself, who has been the most hated man in Prussia, may come in for some of his master's present popularity.

☞ A newspaper correspondent, describing the costume of a belle at a recent ball, says: "Miss B., with that repugnance to ostentation in dress which is so peculiar to her sex, was attired in a simple white lace collar, fastened with a neat pearl button solitaire." A "simple attire," truly—if that was all of it.

☞ "We trust the Lord is on our side, Mr. Lincoln," said the speaker of a delegation of Christian men to that good man, during one of the darkest days of the rebellion. "I do not regard that as essential as something else," replied Mr. Lincoln. The pious visitors looked horror-struck until the President added—"I am most concerned to know that we are on the Lord's side."

☞ A fast man's advice to his son—Whatever you do, my boy, do it; and wherever you go, go it.

☞ The Millerites say it will grow better and better every year, until finally the world consumes.

☞ At a prayer meeting in Washington, on the morning after the assassination of President Lincoln, a colored man, praying for vengeance on the murderer, said, "Now, Lord, jose gib it to 'em right smart, and don't be so mornful as you generally am."

☞ Like cures like. Sulphur comes from Vesuvius; therefore it is good for eruptions.

☞ "Have you any linsbiom bonnets?" inquired a very modest miss of a shopkeeper. "Any what?" "Any linsbiom bonnets?" "Any—you don't mean Leghorn?" The young lady was brought to by the proper pronunciation.

☞ A St. Louis miss of fourteen eloped with a young Italian, and cheated a minister into marrying them by placing a slip of paper with eighteen written on it in her shoe, and when questioned as to her age, saying she was over eighteen.

☞ A picture in the Paris salon represents a curious custom in Persia—namely, a courier fast asleep in the desert; he has a lighted match round his toe, which, when a certain number of hours are past, is sure to wake him up by burning his toe.

A Card.

FROM THE LONDON PUNCH.

Louis Napoleon begs to inform the Emperors and Kings of Europe, and the public generally, that his business of Commission Agency is carried on as heretofore at the Palace of the Tuileries, where he may be consulted daily, or, if pressing need be, Nightly, and where all confidential letters must be sent. Having a few of the Ideas which belonged to his late uncle, L. N. may be with safety consulted on state subjects, and feels himself quite competent to give the best advice. In all matters of dispute his judgment is proverbial; and, being thoroughly a master of diplomatic language, he is able for his clients to prove that white is black.

Besides giving his advice to Kings and Emperors in need of it, Louis Napoleon is prepared to act for them as Umpire at the very shortest notice, and may be relied upon for giving a decision quite unbiassed by any party interested, except, of course, himself. In arbitration cases, and quarrels between friends, L. N. may be called in without pecuniary fee, provided there be some little advantage to be gained by him. His knowledge of geography is thoroughly profound, and enables him to render an inestimable service to any one desirous of correcting an old map. Having had great experience in the art of land-surveying, he is ready to advise as to the altering of boundaries and removal of all landmarks which may be thought a little obsolete and somewhat out of date. L. N. may, in like manner, be privately consulted as to the best means of upsetting an old treaty; and his advice may be had gratis as to changing or removing any ancient bounds of territory, so as to increase his own.

Countries bought and sold, or valued and allotted, as the Umpire may direct. New maps exchanged for old ones. State treaties neatly broken, and the pieces picked up with the utmost care. A few new Emperors, like Maximilian, always kept on hand, and ready to be exported at half-a-moment's notice to any nation wanting them. Cracked crowns exchanged, or strengthened and repaired. State secrets kept most carefully. Clever negotiators, such as Prince Napoleon, prepared to start upon important diplomatic missions, and furnished from Headquarters with the brains they may require. A private telegraph upon the premises to all the capitals in Europe, and an efficient staff of clerks who sit up day and night.

☞ Address, Louis Napoleon, European Umpire and Commission Agent, Paris.

N. B. No connection with the opposition firm of Needle-gun and Bismarck.

☞ In a trial at Buffalo of an action brought by a livery-stable keeper against a man who had hired a horse and chaise of him, and returned up the latter most essentially and the former somewhat, Tom Hallenback was called as witness. "Do you know this horse, Mr. Witness?" "Yes, sir, I owned him formerly." "What's your business?" "I am the city sexton." "For what reason did you sell him." "Why, the truth is that he was too slow for my business, and I let him go to a livery-stable man!"

☞ Washing the head with cold black tea once or twice a week will keep the hair from falling off, prevent its growing gray, and give it a fine, lively lustre. So we are informed by a young lady with very black eyes.

☞ Teach your boys to shut doors and gates after them. Also, to clean their shoes before entering the house, and to wash, and to comb their hair before coming to meals.

☞ During these hot days, says the Bee Gazette, keep pure water near your hives.

☞ An immense quantity of modern confession of sin, even when honest, is merely a sickly egotism, which will rather gloat over its own evil than lose the centralization of its interest in itself.

☞ The income burst in the Chinese Empire in idol worship is said to cost $450,000,000 annually.

☞ A Texas snake lately crawled into a house in Galveston, and swallowed a leg of mutton.

☞ A new-fangled machine at Montgomery, Ala., turns out 25,000 bricks per day.

☞ The largest masses of gold ever found were—first, that found at Ballarat, Australia, in 1859, which weighed 234 lbs.; second, that found in Caverras county, in 1854, which weighed 195 lbs.

☞ The Concord Statesman says that on Friday morning there were fires kept up on board the cars on the Northern Railroad for the comfort of passengers. Two days previously the thermometer was about 100 degrees.

☞ General Sherman, while at Portsmouth, N. H., spoke in fitting terms of the heroism of our soldiers, and some one in the crowd made the remark to the effect that the western men deserved all the credit. "I see no difference between the eastern and western soldiers," said the General, promptly.

☞ The Egyptian Government has published an announcement that Prince Ismail Bey has been made an "infant," and that none of his debts, contracted without the written consent of his guardian, will be paid. This infant is about 40 years old; 'twas he who last summer lost $80,000 a day at cards, at the Imperial Club, Paris.

☞ A Bachelor's Idea.—A wealthy bachelor of California having had one or two invasions for breach of promise, now replies to any young lady who wishes a few minutes' private conversation, "No you don't, madam. It cuts me to the heart to be compelled to doubt the honorableness of your intentions, but that sort of thing is played out. My rule is imperative, and if you have any business with me, it must be transacted in the presence of two witnesses!"

☞ At one of our hotels a few days since a newly married couple made their appearance, and when seated at the dinner-table their affectionate conduct and somewhat awkward manner in making their wants known attracted the attention of other guests, who eyed the loving pair so closely, and talking to conceal their amusement, the verdant husband exclaimed, "What are you laughing at? *I've been married a week!*"

☞ The latest case of conscience is the man who cheated at cards, because he disapproved of games of chance. He made a certainty of it.

☞ In London recently, a ferocious game cock flew at a child and pecked it so severely on the head that death resulted.

☞ The officer of the Bellville (Texas) Countryman has seen a rattlesnake killed near that village which was fourteen feet long, six inches through the body, and had forty-two rattles. Three men armed with fence rails, had a desperate struggle to kill him.

☞ From two to three millions of paper collars are consumed every day in the United States alone.

VOICES.

BY E. NORTON.

There are voices we shall never hear again
As we heard them long ago,
Save in the mournful midnight rain,
In the wind as it murmurs a low refrain,
Or the waters' complaining flow.

Some through the boundless blue have soared
Up to the land of light,
To the forms we have loved they are never restored,
And their mystic music is forever poured
On silence and on the night.

Some, that in beauteous years of yore
We heard with a passionate thrill,
Have lost the power to charm us more,
And though their spell is forever o'er,
Their *memory* liveth still.

And still as we catch a reflected gleam
Of the loves and hopes gone by,
We hear, like music heard in a dream,
Voices remembered and charmed, that seem
A marvel of melody.

Some have departed, some have grown strange,
Those voices of long ago,
And we sigh as we yearn for a longer range,
That death is better, far better than change—
Alas, that we loved them so.

The Victimized Lodger.

BY PAUL CREYTON.

Mr. Benjamin F. Derby returned to town, and to his lodgings at Mrs. Covey's, rather sooner than he was expected. It was late in the evening, and having entered by means of his night key, and finding nobody stirring, he walked leisurely up to his room.

This was the apartment Mr. Derby always occupied in Mrs. Covey's house; but on this occasion it seemed very little like home. Before leaving town he had carefully put away all his clothes in his trunks, and during his absence other revolutions had been made in the room which gave it a different air.

Not the least disagreeable thing in the room was darkness. Mr. Derby had entered without a lamp, expecting to find that desirable article in the old place; but after knocking over an ink-bottle, a vase, and a snuff box in his blind search, he concluded that the wisest course would be to stop swearing and go to bed in the dark.

In no very good humor Mr. Benjamin F. Derby began to undress. To return home after an absence of two weeks and to be obliged to go to bed in such a dismal manner, almost broke his heart. He might have rung for the servants, it is true; and he might have reflected that his friends were excusable, since they did not expect him; but Mr. Benjamin F. Derby chose to be angry and silent.

"And where is Margaret Maria?" muttered the unhappy man. "Oh, faithless daughter of an unfeeling landlady! I didn't expect this from you! When I tore myself from your arms two weeks ago you protested with tears in your eyes and perfidy in your heart, that you would watch, with the anxious eyes of love, for my return! Oh, this looks like it! Even now, I know you are making yourself merry with some fresh conquest, or, if you are sleeping under this roof, you are dreaming of pleasure in which I have no share!" So saying, Mr. Benj. F. Derby threw his trowsers on a chair and began to grope his way in darkness to the head of the bed. At this moment a merry laugh, close to his chamber door, startled him. Mr. Derby paused.

"Margaret Maria's laugh, by all that is false!" groaned Mr. Derby. "She said she would do nothing but sigh and weep during my absence—and hear her! ah! she laughs again! The false hearted—"

Mr. Derby's reflections were suddenly interrupted by a sound of a hand grasping his door latch. With considerable trepidation he flew to lock the door! but before he could reach it, a merry laugh and a blaze of light and two girls burst into the room.

Now Mr. D. was a very modest person, and it was a lucky circumstance for him that the closet door was ajar, the retreat convenient and his limbs active. He dodged out of sight before the girls had time to cast their eyes about them, and soon the door was shut, and Mr. D.'s ears pinned back.

"What time do you suppose it is?" asked Margaret Maria. "There, the bells are striking twelve! Oh, hain't we had a gay time, Susan?"

"Got enough! Ha! ha! but wouldn't your poor, dear absent Derby be amused if he knew—"

"Ha! ha! ha!" laughed Margaret Maria. "My poor, dear absent Derby! That is too good! If he knew! Poor fellow, it would break his heart. He thinks I do nothing but sigh and cry during his absence. Am I such a goose?"

"Such a goose! Oh!" groaned Derby, painfully interested. "Oh!"

"Such a goose?" echoed Sue. "He wouldn't think of it if he had seen you eating the oysters with Dan Robbins."

"I only hope," added Margaret Maria, "that he will keep away a week longer."

"So that we can have this room?"

"No—not exactly that—but Dan has invited me to go to a ball on Thursday night, and you know I couldn't go if my 'poor dear absent Derby' should come back in the meantime."

Derby was trembling with cold and wrath.

"You mean to marry Derby then?" asked Susan.

"I suppose I shall," cried Margaret Maria, gayly. "I like to flirt with Dan, and if he had as many dollars as my poor, dear absent Derby—"

"You would choose Dan?"

"To be sure I would. He ain't such a fool as—"

"Derby. Ha! ha! But what is this? A coat and a pair of pantaloons."

"Good gracious! How did they come here?"

Derby was trembling with excitement—burning with rage; but now he felt a new source of uneasiness. The discovery of his pantaloons might lead to the discovery of himself. Had he been dressed he would have liked nothing better than to confront the perfidious Margaret Maria—but for the present, it was not to be thought of. He felt himself blushing all over, in spite of the cold. To his relief, however, the girls, after making out that there was nobody in or under the bed, did not seem disposed to inquire into the mystery of the pantaloons; but Margaret Maria exclaimed:

"I'll tell you what I will do, Sue. I'll dress myself in these clothes, and go into the widow Slade's room. She'll think it is a man, and won't she be frightened?"

"Frightened? No!" cried Susan. "She's had two husbands. But do it. See what she will say."

"I will. Here, help me, Sue. Ha! ha! And there's a hat, too. How kind in somebody to leave all his clothes here!"

Derby—poor dear, *present* Derby—was breathing very hard; his heart beat heavily, and every nerve shook. What the deuce he was to do if Margaret Maria went off with his pants he could in no manner determine; and from the exceedingly interesting conversation which was going on he knew that his worst fears were to be realized.

"Oh ain't it a fit," cried Margaret Maria. "Only turn up the trowsers five or six inches, and I shall be fixed. Here black my upper lip with this piece of coal. I shan't make love to you. Ha! ha! ain't I a dashing fellow?"

And Derby could hear somebody kissing somebody, and somebody laughing as though she could not help it.

A moment after the girls had left the room. Derby stole timidly from his hiding place. Margaret Maria had taken the lamp and his clothes with her; she had left darkness and her own clothes behind. A happy thought struck unhappy Derby. In all haste he enrobed himself in Margaret Maria's gown, then he put her shawl over his shoulders, and threw on her bonnet and veil. His eyes having been accustomed to the darkness, he could see to do this without much difficulty. In five minutes he was ready to follow Susan and Margaret Maria.

During this time there was a great deal of laughing up stairs. Margaret Maria in Derby's attire, went to Mrs. Slade's room, who was a little startled at first, but who took things very coolly, until she found that it was not a man, after all, when she gave vent to her indignation. The adventurers next proceeded to the attic, where the girls were sound asleep. Susan having placed the lamp in the passage, hid behind the door, while Margaret Maria entered and awoke Jane Woods with a violent shower of kisses. Jane uttered a faint scream and demanded in a whisper—

"Who are you?"

"Sh!" said Margaret Maria.

Jane hushed accordingly, until she saw the strange figure proceed to Mary Clark's pillow, when she concluded that it was her duty to scream. Mary screamed, too, after she had been several times kissed; and Sarah Jones joined in the chorus until her mouth was stopped by a hasty buss.

"Is it you, George?" she whispered.

At this moment the strange figure, which had been seen by the light in the passage, ran out, and Susan, catching up the lamp, ran in.

"What is the matter?" she cried in pretended astonishment.

"There is a man in the room."

"He was kissing Sarah Jones."

"He didn't kiss me. He was kissing Mary Clark."

"Me? I guess I'd have torn his eyes out. It was Jane Woods he kissed."

Susan was very much astonished of course, and the girls were all very indignant; and not one of them would confess that she had been kissed, until Susan pointed out the marks of the coal moustache on all their faces, and called in Margaret Maria. Then there was a great deal of laughing; and Margaret Maria having gallantly kissed them all, again set out to go down stairs.

But now it was Derby's turn to have a little fun, and Margaret Maria's to be astonished. As Susan advanced, the lamp she carried revealed a frightful looking object standing at the foot of the stairs. It was apparently a woman of gigantic structure; her dress was so short that her be-feet and ankles could be seen distinctly; and she waved her large bony hands at the terrified girls majestically as a ghost. Never were two mischief-makers more frightened by an apparition. Susan dashed herself against the wall. Up went a scream and down came the lamp. The oil covered the stairs, and Margaret fainted and stepped into it. At that moment the tall woman—being Derby himself—cried—

"Robbers! help! murder!" at the top of his voice; and immediately stepped into his room, locking the door behind him.

Before Margaret Maria recovered her scattered senses, all the boarders were astir. Susan rushed into Mrs. Slade's room; Margaret would have followed her, but Susan in her terror shut her out. Next Margaret tried her mother's door; and her mother, hearing the alarm, appeared at that moment, and terrified by the coal moustache and smashed hat, took her own daughter for the robber, dropped her lamp and screamed fearfully. Margaret, as much frightened as herself, would have caught her in her arms, but Mrs. Covey would hear no explanation, nor allow her daughter to approach, and pushed her out of the room with great trepidation. Then Margaret Maria ran to Derby's room, where to her consternation she found locked. At that moment Ned Perkins—the boldest fellow in the house—rushed out of his room with a lamp in one hand and a sword-cane in the other, ready drawn for combat. Ned flew at the supposed robber, and would have seized her in an instant, if she had not properly seen fit to faint at the sight of his naked sword and bare, and fallen down before Mr. Derby's room. Her hat now came off, her hair streamed down her neck, and Ned recognized Margaret Maria.

Anybody can imagine the scene of confusion which followed. The imprudent girl found herself surrounded by half a dozen half-dressed figures, some wondering, some trembling with terror. But it was the severest cut for Margaret Maria, when the door of Derby's room opened, and the tall apparition appeared. As soon as the screaming had subsided, the figure removed its veil.

"Don't be frightened, Margaret Maria," it said. "It's nobody but your 'poor, dear absent Derby.' That's all."

Can you fancy her feelings? Mr. Derby could as he entered the room again, locked the door, and went to bed, overjoyed at what had occurred. He slept soundly, and awoke in the morning as completely cured of his love for Margaret Maria, as if he had seen her turned into a grizzly bear.

☞ There was both wit and philosophical religion, at least, in what Montesquieu said to the incompetent curate who remarked to him as he was dying: "You understand, sir, how great God is?" "Aye," replied Montesquieu, "and how very little men are."

ROSA BONHEUR AT HOME.

Poor Mdlle. Rosa Bonheur has left the neighborhood of the Luxembourg, and gone to the Chateau de By, near Fontainebleau, in the fond, vain hope of escaping from the pryings and importunities of travellers and indigenous intruders. She calculated without Peeping Adrien. Her porter may say to people who ring at her gates that Mademoiselle has gone out, and it is uncertain when she will return. This answer may turn away modest people; but Adrien only laughs at it. He has his column in his paper before him, and he has not travelled all the way from Paris to Fontainebleau for nothing. He was convinced by the firm denials of the old woman at Mdlle. Bonheur's gates that the lady was at home. He accordingly brought his "reserve battery"—a letter of introduction—into the field, and said:

"I am distressed that Mdlle. Bonheur is not at By. I have been sent to her on urgent business by one of her friends, who has given me this letter for her; give it to her, with my regrets."

The gates were closed. Peeping Adrien was left at By, "Where cutlets with anchovy sauce are myths, and where civilization penetrates once daily in the shape of *Le Petit Journal*." Adrien indulged in the following reflections: "I will take a little walk. During this time Mdlle. Bonheur will read my letter, and, finding it signed by an old friend, will scold her servant for having turned me away. On my return to the Chateau, I shall be told that Mdlle. Bonheur has just come in, and awaits me with impatience."

But Peeping Adrien was wrong. He was refused admission on his second application. The old servant remarked:

"Mademoiselle has not returned. Sometimes she goes off for a fortnight, without saying a word to me. You know how eccentric artists are."

Now a very young and simple *chroniqueur*, Peeping Adrien tells us, would have given up the pursuit at this point. But Adrien was an old hand. He argued, if Mademoiselle has received the note, she has broken it open. He asked for its return. This was impossible. So Mademoiselle cried out, "You must let in the intruder, who will disturb my solitude."

In walked the triumphant Adrien, and he was at once taking notes. He saw before him a little, frowning fellow, shielded from the sun by an enormous straw hat. Stooping, he observed a beardless, bronzed face, lit up by "two brown eyes of ordinary size." The nose was fine, the mouth large, showing "in its hiatus" two superb rows of teeth. Long hair hung wildly upon the shoulders. The masculine figure said, petulantly:

"Who are you? whence do you come, and what do you want?" The petulant one lifted his blouse and thrust his hands into the pockets of his gray velvet breeches.

The hands were little, so were the feet albeit covered with rough, hob-nailed boots, made of unvarnished calfskin.

M. Adrien Marx observed that he was a journalist from Paris, who wished to see Mdlle. Bonheur.

"Look at her, then," said the strange figure, lifting the enormous straw hat.

M. Adrien at once observed that Mdlle. Bonheur's hair was white, and that her coarse linen shirt was held together at the throat by two diamond studs. The lady now melted, and said:

"My dear, sir, excuse me. You must understand the measures I am compelled to take to keep off the profane. I know English people who have travelled five hundred leagues to see me, and who, after having stared at me at their leisure have gone off without saying so much as 'thank you.' If talent make an artist a rare animal, it is not worth while trying to be one. You must understand, moreover, the loss of time. If you were writing an important romance, would you be pleased if an intruder came upon you in the heat of your subject, and loaded you with old compliments?"

Here M. Adrien felt bound to make a feint of retiring; but Mademoiselle would not hear of it, because he was of "*la grande famille*."

"Besides, to-day," the lady added, "you will not disturb me, for I am sheep shearing!"

Invited to witness this unsavory part of farm labor, Peeping Adrien was told that if he did not like it the worse for him.

"I have got one half sheared," said Mademoiselle, "and if I leave him so, he will freeze on one side and broil on the other, and that will hurt him."

Under the *chroniqueur's* eyes Mademoiselle sheared seven of her flock.

He then accompanied the lady to see her dogs, and goats, and horses—speaking freely of their breeding qualities by the way.

"Do you shoot?" asked Peeping Adrien.

"Yes, of course; but I am very clumsy. The only thing I do understand is rearing cattle. I was born to be a farmer; but fatality made me a painter. I am out of my true vocation."

Hereupon M. Adrien rallied the lady, agreeing with her that painting was not her *forte*, and that he would look out for a place for her as ploughboy. Then they laughed heartily: *item* in Peeping Adrien's note-book.

The thousand and one pretty and curious things in Mdlle. Bonheur's house are not passed over. The gothic chairs, the brass chandeliers, the family portraits, are set forth. The easels are described as covered with studies of stags and horses, preparations for a great picture—a commission from abroad. "Oh those foreigners!" the patriotic Peeping Adrien exclaims. Mdlle. Bonheur studies each individual of her great pictures apart, and then groups the whole. "In this way she draws 25,000 out of the coffers of wealthy Albion." Sometimes the lady is willful, and will not sell at any price. A bit she holds to be superlatively good she keeps, and will not be tempted by gold. M. Adrien saw a sheepfold, with the name of M. de Rothschild chalked in the corner. The artist explained that she intended it for the millionaire; but that now she had made up her mind to keep it for herself. "Perhaps," Peeping Adrien maliciously adds, "I am the first to give this bad news to the Baron."

Mdlle. Bonheur's favorites are Troyon and Corot, and her rooms are full of these masters. At "dewy eve" Mdlle. Bonheur conducted her intruder graciously to her gates, telling him, by the way, that she painted, as a rule, eight hours daily.

☞ One exceedingly warm day in July a neighbor met an old man, and remarked that it was very hot. "Yes," says Jos, "if it wasn't for one thing, I should say we were going to have a thaw." "What is that?" inquired his friend. "There's nothing froze," says Jos. The man went his way, much enlightened.

A Little Office of Trust.

"What shall I do with Joe Smith?" said Mrs. L—— to herself, as she dismissed her school for the night. "I have exhausted every expedient; he will whisper and smile and bewitch the boys generally. There—I have it! I'll give him a responsibility. He has self-esteem, approbativeness, and a fair conscience, I am sure. I think he'll be honest—I'll risk it, at all events."

The next day the lady happened by a little calculation to meet the boy in a convenient place.

"Joseph," said she, "do you know where I live?"

"I guess so; it's in South street, isn't it?"

"Yes, No. 225; you know that is a good way from the post-office, and my mails are a great trouble to me; I really need a penny-post; how would you like to be one?"

"First-rate," said Joseph; "but," he added, glancing down upon himself, as if his clothes were a drawback to promotion.

"Oh, your coat will do very well," said Mrs. L——; "I only want a boy I can trust."

Joseph straightened up and looked every inch a man four feet nine inches high. She might trust him—to be sure she might.

"And I will give you a penny for every letter you find in box 124."

Mrs. L—— had no difficulty after this in getting her letters in early season, but Joseph scorned to take the pennies.

Strange what effect a little confidence had in the school-room! It fairly made Joe over. He could go in and out quietly, sit still in his chair, and mind his business like a man. He was as good a boy as ever need be for a whole term, and then he was promoted to a higher department.

No child always suspected, or disapproved, or disliked, however he may deserve it, will ever become good. No heart set at a distance from a stronger or better heart will ever be persuaded or driven or won to its duty. It is human nearness and warmth and sympathy that the wayward want; and it often takes but a trifle to save as well as to ruin a little transgressor.

A child's waywardness is very often not so much a wicked spirit as it is an outlet of the restlessness of childhood; and it is many times cured by diverting a thought or giving occupation to an unemployed faculty. A whole term of discomfort and disadvantage was prevented by giving Joseph a little office of trust; he was proud of the service, and his gallantry made him, both for his teacher's sake and his own, ambitious of good behavior as a pupil.

There is seldom a child too bad to be in a great measure controlled in the school-room by a little wit added to a great deal of kindness. Some sentiment of love, honor, ambition or conscience, if skillfully played upon, will in nearly every case effect all that a sterner punishment could hope to accomplish.—*Phrenological Journal.*

Big and Little.

The world is agreed in allowing magnanimity to be a most rare and excellent virtue. And yet what is admitted to be true and beautiful in theory is not always admired when it appears in actual practice. For meanness feels insulted by the very presence of a quality superior to itself; and hatred is never more energetically vile than when it is met by forbearance and love. It is this paradox in human nature which accounts for the manner in which great and good men have been abused and vilified by their own generations, and afterwards honored as illustrious benefactors; and they who gild the tombs of the prophets, do but repeat the crimes of their predecessors, and even while adoring the great men of the past, are ready to crucify, with remorseless hate, the equally good men of their own age. History runs in this channel. For what is the history of human affairs but a record of the conflicts which in a thousand ways have arisen between the few high-souled and magnanimous men who have toiled in unselfish love for the good of mankind, and the many selfish and narrow-minded and ignorant and prejudiced men who are always willing to sacrifice great public interests for the sake of mere personal and private gain. Selfishness is the rule; magnanimity the exception. The one is from beneath, the other is from above. The one is illustrated in Judas, the other in Christ.

German Readers.

It is a singular fact that in spite of the great number of books—more than ten thousand separate works in a year—published in Germany, the Germans as a nation are not a book reading people. The editions of works printed there are very small, varying from three to seven hundred. Novels have a larger sale than any other books, being taken in great numbers by the circulating libraries, from which every one who reads at all hires all the light literature. The price in many of these libraries is not more than a cent or a cent and a half per week. In all the principal towns you can see an antiquarian bookstore on almost any of the principal streets, and many of the scholars patronize no other booksellers. They have choice assortments, for, whenever a great man in the world of letters dies, his library is purchased by some of these stores. New books are advertised but very little; but the notices of them by editors are more elaborately and conscientiously written than elsewhere, and carry more weight.

PLAYING FOR A MAN'S HEAD.—During "the reign of Terror" few came to play at the Cafe de la Regence. People had not the heart, and it was not pleasant to see through the panes the cars bearing the condemned through the Rue St. Honore to execution. Robespierre often took a seat, but few had any wish to play with him, such terror did the insignificant little man strike into every one's heart. One day a very handsome young man sat opposite him, and made a move as signal for a game. Robespierre responded, and the stranger won. A second game was played and won, and then Robespierre asked what was the stake. "The head of a young man," was the answer, "who would be executed to-morrow. Here is the order for the release, wanting only your signature, and be quick—the executioner will give no delay." It was the young Count R. that was thus saved. The paper was signed, and then the great man asked, "But who are you, citizen?" "Say citoyenne, Monsieur; I am the Count's betrothed. Thanks and adieu!"—*Dublin University Magazine.*

☞ "O dear, my dear! look at the dear little deers," said a lady to her husband, as she called his attention to the deer park on the Common.

Revenge on a Bank by Rothschild.

An amusing adventure is related as having happened at the Bank of England, which had committed the great disrespect of refusing to discount a bill of a large amount drawn by Anselem Rothschild, of Frankfort, on Nathan Rothschild, of London. The bank had haughtily replied, "that they discounted only their own bills and not those of private persons." But they had to do with one stronger than the bank. "Private persons," exclaimed Nathan Rothschild, when they reported him the fact. "Private persons! I will make these gentlemen see what kind of private persons we are!" Three weeks after Nathan Rothschild, who had employed the interval in gathering all the five-pound notes he could procure in England and on the continent, presented himself at the bank at the opening of the office. He drew from his pocket-book a five pound note, and they naturally counted out five sovereigns, at the same time looking quite astonished that the Baron Rothschild should have personally troubled himself for such a trifle. The Baron examined one by one the coins, and put them into a little canvas bag, then drawing out another note—a third—a tenth—a hundreth, he never put the pieces of gold into the bag without scrupulously examining them, and in some instances trying them in the balances, as, he said, "the law gave him the right to do so." The first pocket-book being emptied, and the first bag full he passed them to his clerk, and received a second, and thus continued till the close of the bank. The Baron had employed seven hours to change £21,000. But as he had nine employees of his house engaged in the same manner, it resulted that the house of Rothschild had drawn £189,000 in gold from the bank, and that he had so occupied the tellers that no other person could change a single note. Everything which bears the stamp of eccentricity has always pleased the English. They were, therefore, the first day very much amused at the pique of Baron Rothschild. They, however, laughed less when they saw him return next day at the opening of the bank, flanked by his nine clerks, and followed this day by many drays, destined to carry away the specie. They laughed no longer when the king of bankers said with ironical simplicity, "These gentlemen refuse to pay my bill. I have sworn not to keep theirs. At their leisure, only, I notify them that I have enough to employ them for two months." "For two months?" "Eleven millions in gold drawn from the Bank of England, which they have never possessed." The bank took alarm; there was something to be done. The next morning a notice appeared in the journals that henceforth the bank would pay Rothschild's bills the same as their own.

The Old and the New Rich.

"There might be some hope for a *parvenu*, if he could live long enough to wear the edge off his wealth," said one of the clubmen after dining for the first time in Mortimer Gardens; "but the modern span of life does not give a millionaire time to overcome the appalling freshness of his possessions. He is like a working man in his Sunday clothes. The Sunday clothes are always new. In such a house as this you see the stamp of the *nouveau riche* on every object, from the virgin gilding on the ceilings to the untarnished lacquer on the letter-weights. Show me a man's carpets, and I will tell you the length of his pedigree. The *vieux riche* rarely indulges in fresh upholstery. At Lord Seamander's you can poke your cane through the carpet; and if any one attempted to draw the window curtains, they would crumble into ashes, like the draperies of a house in Pompeii. Old Lady Teazer will have an action for damages brought against her some day, if she doesn't take up her stair-carpets; for one runs the risk of breaking one's neck every time one calls on her. If I were a millionaire, I would watch the sales at Christie's, and buy up all the dilapidated buhl cabinets and rotten tapestry, in order that I might swear they had belonged to my great-grandfather. I would not have an ounce of plate on my table of a later date than the reign of Queen Anne, or a sound carpet on my floors."—*Miss Braddon.*

German Women of the Lower Class.

An English writer says of Prussia:—"The cry is 'Vaterland, Vaterland!' and while this cry resounds, and the men, the lords of creation, are buckling on their armor and rushing to the defence of an imaginary object, held out as enticing bait by a scheming diplomatist, the woman who was made a helpmeet for man is left to hoe, to reap, to plough, and to dig. Can you, we ask, go through a single village in Rhenish Prussia without witnessing what the unfortunate women go through from day to day: out of every fifty there are at least thirty-five who suffer from some deformity, such as enlargement of the neck from carrying heavy burdens on their heads. They are prematurely old, almost before they are young; at twenty-five they are old women, and why? because, forsooth, the father and brothers are strutting under epaulette and banner for the honor of Vaterland, and they must work or starve. In peace time it is not much better, they slave from morning till night in the fields, to the neglect of their persons, their children, and the interior management of their homes. They are, in fact, upon a par with squaws of the untutored, unlettered red man of the North American prairie, and this in one of the most civilized of nations, one of the great powers of Europe."

REVENGE.—The favorite of a Sultan threw a stone at a poor beggar who had requested alms. The injured man dared not to complain, but carefully searched for and preserved the pebble, promising himself he should find an opportunity, sooner or later, to throw it in his turn at this imperious and pitiless wretch. Some time after, he was told the favorite was disgraced, and by order of the Sultan led through the streets on a camel, exposed to the insults of the populace. On hearing this, the beggar ran to fetch his pebble, but, after a moment's reflection, cast it into a well. "I now perceive," said he, "that we ought never to seek revenge when our enemy is powerful, for then it is imprudent; nor when he is involved in calamity, for then it is mean and cruel."

☞ A man boasted of having eaten forty-nine hard-boiled eggs. "Why did you not eat one more, and make an even fifty?" asked Bounds. "Humph! you want a man to make a hog of himself just for one egg!"

☞ "Do you know who I am?" said an officer to a fellow whom he had by the collar. "Not exactly, sir," the fellow replied; "but I think you must be the malignant collarer."

A WOMAN'S QUESTION.

BY ADELAIDE A. PROCTER.

Before I trust my Fate to thee
Or place my hand in thine,
Before I let thy Future give
Color and form to mine,
Before I peril all for thee, question thy soul tonight for me.

I break all slighter bonds, nor feel
A shadow of regret;
Is there one link within the past
That holds thy spirit yet?
Or is thy faith as clear and free as that which I can pledge to thee?

Does there within thy dimmest dreams
A possible future shine,
Wherein thy life could henceforth breathe,
Untouched, unshared by mine?
If so, at any pain or cost, oh, tell me before all is lost.

Look deeper still. If thou can'st feel,
Within thy inmost soul,
That thou hast kept a portion back,
While I have staked the whole;
Let no false pity spare the blow, but in true mercy tell me so.

Is there within thy heart a need
That mine cannot fulfil?
One chord that any other hand
Could better wake or still?
Speak now—lest at some future day my whole life wither and decay.

Lives there within thy nature hid
The demon-spirit Change,
Shedding a passing glory still
On all things new and strange?
It may not be thy fault alone—but shield my heart against thy own.

Couldst thou withdraw thy hand one day
And answer to my claim,
That Fate, and that to-day's mistake,
Not thou—had been to blame?
Some soothe their conscience thus; but thou, oh, surely then wilt warn me now.

Nay, answer not—I dare not hear,
The words would come too late;
Yet I would spare thee all remorse,
So, comfort thee, my Fate:—
Whatever on my heart may fall—remember I would risk it all.

THE ROWING MATCH;

Or, Which Shall Have Her?

BY ENSIGN TOMBS.

CHAPTER I.

I must go back some fifteen years or more, before the days of volunteers and Enfield rifles, Armstrong guns, and iron-plated frigates, learned ensigns and competitive examinations, back to the "good old time" when a little interest at the Horse Guards and £450 at your banker's were all the requisites for a commission in her Majesty's service.

How well I remember that eventful evening, when our red-faced butler, with an air of greater statelness than usual, presented before my longing eyes the official-looking envelope, inscribed with the magic letters, "O. H. M. S." "Hurrah! I'm gazetted! Three cheers for everybody! The 200th Royal Slashers! Headquarters at Athlone! To join on the 1st of February. I do believe I shall go mad!" Ah, well, I was only a boy, remember. Scarcely six months before, I had sat in a round jacket on a hard form at school, and now I was an officer, with a glorious jumble before my mind's eye of scarlet, gold, sword jingling, sentry saluting, band playing, ladies admiring, men envying; mess dinners, garrison balls, picnics, and the like, not to speak of prospective castles in the air, beginning with daring feats in battle, and ending with a general's commission and K.C.B. I have the extract from that week's Gazette before me now:—

"200th Royal Slashers.—Alfred Tombs, gentleman, to be Ensign, by purchase, vice William Henry Thompson, promoted."

Congratulations and rejoicings; much strutting about the streets of Chickenborough (our market town); a great amount of visiting, and sundry parties given in honor of my new position; a grand winding up in the shape of a ball at home, wherein I appeared in uniform for the first time, was duly flattered, fancied myself killing, came to utter grief in returning thanks at supper, and drank far too much champagne. All this passed away like a dream. My outfit and all needful preparations were completed amidst a whirl of delightful excitement; leave-takings hurried through, and farewells uttered with a heart already in barracks at Athlone; and then I left the paternal roof, a young hero with all my troubles before me.

I am not going to inflict upon the reader a detailed account of the next few months. I "joined," went through the mysteries of the goose-step, turned out of bed for early recruit drill in a tight shell jacket, learnt to take up my proper position at parade, mastered the "manual" and "platoon." Why should I go on? Are not all my male readers volunteers? And as to the ladies, they will gladly take everything for granted. Suffice it, the surgeon may at reported me fit for duty in about the usual time. I fell into the ordinary routine, experienced the dreary torture of the guard-room, sat in judgment on disorderly privates at court-martial, went the round of inspection through the men's rooms, and, in short, fulfilled all the arduous duties of a subaltern in her Majesty's 200th Royal Slashers.

It is curious to notice what changes even so short a period as fifteen years may bring about. We were epaulettes, heavy with gold bullion, tight-fitting, single-breasted coats, with white shoulder belt a shako, compared to which the present military headpiece is light as a feather, and note carefully—not a vestige of moustache! As to the men, the tyranny of stock and pipeclay was ten times worse than at present, the knapsack twice as heavy, and Brown Bess—ponderous, uncertain Brown Bess—the weapon of the day. In numbers, again, our regiment aptly illustrated the short-sighted policy which dwarfed and cut down the army, until the Crimean campaign roused the military spirit of the nation. Numbering ten companies of nominally one hundred men each, we could scarcely muster more than six hundred and fifty, of all ranks, on parade. Few companies had more than sixty men.

Each regiment has a certain character and standing in military circles. Ours had a peculiar reputation. It was noted as being the slowest for promotion in the whole army, and yet one of the most comfortable, pleasant, and wealthy corps in the service. The roll of field-officers and captains had not changed for years, and the senior ensign had seen seven years' service. In fact, there was not a "youngster" in the regiment except the two junior ensigns—Lobley and your humble servant. Lobley was only my senior by a few months, and our two *Gazette*, following one on the heels of the other, had been a ten days' wonder in every mess-room from Hythe to Galway. Such a thing as a couple of vacancies in the 200th was a perfect miracle. I need hardly say that the regiment prided itself upon its character for exclusiveness. Our mess was noted for its excellent *cuisine* and wines, its hospitality and late hours. "None of your mutton and Marsala concerns, sir, ours," was the boast of Jones, the messman: and he was right; it wasn't.

Moreover, curiously enough, what would irretrievably have damaged the character of most regiments only added to the brilliancy of ours. Nearly half our officers were married. The colonel, both majors, five captains, two brace of lieutenants, the paymaster and surgeon, were all Benedicts. None of them, of course, ever attended mess, except on state occasions; but then they all had money (or their wives had, which, of course, was the same thing,) kept open house, gave carpet-hops and whist-parties, to which we bachelors dropped in after mess, had pretty daughters or sisters-in-law, and caused the 200th to be perfectly independent of foreign aid for picnic or party, to be well furnished with ladies for every species of amusement, and, able to bid defiance to the dullest and most inhospitable quarters. Even what we lost in numbers round the mess table was amply atoned for in the hearty good fellowship of the old campaigners who were left; "and besides," as Hallett, our senior captain, remarked, "there is all the more room for outsiders." We had generally a full complement of guests; and many a jolly Irish squire could tell tales of nights spent with her Majesty's Royal Slashers. No wonder that we two young cubs, Lobley and myself, thought there never was such a regiment, such a mess, and—*entre nous*—such Admirable Crichtons as ourselves.

CHAPTER II.

"ALL'S WELL THAT ENDS WELL."

"The Crow's Nest, Athlone,
Thursday 16th.

"Dr. and Mrs. Crab request the pleasure of Mr. Tombs's company after mess this evening, to a friendly cup of tea."

So ran a letter which was put into my hands a little before mess one evening. Dr. Crab was our regimental surgeon—a veteran of twenty-five years' standing. He had been on leave ever since I joined, and had only returned a few days previously. I had not even seen him as yet, and, if I might judge by report, he never invited any one to his quarters, except a few intimate old cronies. A very eccentric fellow in every way, and his wife a regular dragon.

I sat next to Lobley at mess, and showed him the letter.

"Why, my dear fellow, I've just had an invite too," was his rejoinder; and he pulled out a note to match.

"Ah," I observed, "I see it now. It's a general affair for the whole mess. The old boy has turned civil, and wants to show us all a little attention."

"Queer, though, that he should ask us, ain't it?" said Lobley.

"We've never been introduced, you know."

"And with such short notice, too," I added.

"Hollo! what's the matter there?" asked Fullarton, a lieutenant who sat opposite. "Are you two youngsters comparing love-letters, or what?"

We told him.

"An invite from old Crabby! Hear it, every one! Lobley and Tombs are going to the doctor's this evening."

There was a general exclamation. All sorts of questions followed, and the notes were handed round the table. It appeared, on inquiry, that no one else was asked. It was very queer.

"I don't think I shall go," I said at last. "I don't know him."

"Nor I either," chimed in Lobley. "I had far rather stay here. It's such a bore dressing."

"Nonsense, lads!" exclaimed Captain Ross. "Dr. Crab is eccentric in all he does. We don't often have new comers in the Slashers, and he wants to be a bit civil to both of you. It is quite an unusual piece of politeness for him."

"You know," said Hallett, very gravely, "he is one of our seniors, and you might as decently refuse to go to the colonel's. You'll get into hot water with the authorities if you decline."

"Moreover," laughed Fullarton, "you must remember, my infants, that this worshipful community consider it highly desirable that their youthful members should seize every opportunity of improving their minds and morals, and Mrs. Crab's society will do much towards both. Now don't be angry, Tombs! It's for your good, I assure you."

The long and short of it was, we put ourselves into dress-coats, and drove off in an inside car to the Crow's Nest. It was a glorious summer evening, and the mess-room windows were blocked up with grinning faces as we departed.

"Confound those fellows, now full of fun they are!" said Lobley, discontentedly.

"I half expect there's a joke in it somewhere!" I growled. "Anyhow, we won't stop long if we can help it."

Dr. Crab lived nearly half a mile from barracks.

The Crow's Nest was a tumble-down, desolate structure, near the Shannon. A gaunt female answered our knock. "What is it ye want?" was her salutation as we stepped in.

"Dr. Crab is at home, of course?" I said.

"Sure an' he is. What then?" said the female. "You're mighty free and easy, at all events," as we threw our caps on the hall table. "I'm thinking it's officers ye are from the barracks?"

"We are come to spend the evening with Dr Crab," said Lobley, in a pompous tone. "Announce Ensigns Tombs and Lobley, will you?"

A horrible doubt seized me. There were no signs of guests being expected; the hall was but dimly lighted, and not over tidy. At the same instant a gruff voice called out "What's the matter there, Bridget? What are you keeping the door open for?"

"Here's the masther, and maybe ye'll speak to him yourselves," said Bridget; and she took herself off without more ado.

There was another request from the gruff voice to know what was the matter, then anything but a proper exclamation, and finally a door was thrown open, and we were confronted by Dr. Crab. Never shall I forget the figure he presented. Extremely short, extremely stout, extremely red in the face, with his perfectly bald head surrounded by a ring of white hair, which stood up all round like a sort of ruff, while a pair of immense white whiskers covered his cheeks to such an extent, that nothing but a narrow passage was left for nose and chin; fierce little eyes, an old withered dressing-gown loosely wrapped round his body, finishing off with carpet slippers below. This was our host, and a pretty trio we made, staring at one another in stupid amazement.

"I think there is some mistake, sir," I faltered.

"I rather think there is, young gentlemen," self the little man. "Dr. Crab, 200th Royal Slashers, very much at your service."

"We—we received an invitation to spend the evening with you—at least, I mean to say, we thought so," stammered Lobley, who had turned very red.

"I have your note, sir, in my pocket—that is to say, the one which I supposed to come from you," I added, handing him the document with a polite bow, for he looked anything but amiable.

The little man took and looked at it, tore it deliberately in two, threw the fragments on the floor, and burst out into a fit of fury which made me wish myself safe on the other side of the hall door. He stamped and raved, hurled maledictions on the heads of all the mess, individually and collectively; vowed he'd have every one of them up before a court martial, he'd call them out, he'd leave the service, he'd buy the biggest horsewhip in Athlone, and take it down to barracks the next morning; pending which time, he shook the crazy old house to its very foundations, kicked both the carpet slippers off, and shouted until he was nearly black in the face.

I had been vainly trying to get in a word of apology, but really the doctor was so violent, I began to fear we had to do with a raging lunatic. The only thing seemed to cut and run. I looked at Lobley; he was already trying to pull back the door-latch. Alas! Dr. Crab was too quick for us.

"Stop that!" he roared. "Look here, young gentlemen; this is, no doubt, a very pleasant joke, but it's my turn now, and"—with an oath—"I'll make use of it. Be good enough to give me your names, and we'll see what Colonel Cox says to this to-morrow. A pretty state of things to be boarded in my own house by a couple of impudent young scamps—ugh!"

"Upon my honor," Lobley was beginning, when the little savage cut him short with another forcible exclamation.

I do not know whether it was the evident absurdity of trying to pacify him, or the coarseness of his language which disgusted me, or what; but I recovered my self-possession all at once, and with a calmness which I have often wondered at since, though my heart was beating like a sledge-hammer, I said, "I tell you what, sir, it's quite enough to have been hoaxed and made a fool of, without being sworn at like a negro. What you will do to-morrow I don't know and don't care. Come, Lobley, let us give this gentleman our cards and be off."

He glared at me in speechless astonishment. I handed the two cards for his acceptance. He took them, stared at us as we caught up our forage caps and made for the door, but seemed utterly dumb-founded. We opened the door—still not a word.

"Good-evening, Dr. Crab," I said, as I stood in the doorway; "accept our apologies for having entered your house. You may be perfectly certain we shant repeat the offence." And I shut the door after me, glad, if the truth must be known, that we were out of it.

But we were not. The door flew open again. With nothing on his feet but a pair of blue stockings, his dressing-gown flying behind him, no hat, and his red face smoking again with perspiration, the little man came rushing down the steps, and laid hold of me.

"Here, stop! Don't be a fool! I was too hasty—you're a trump! Come back! It is all right now. Come into the house, and let's be calm!" He jerked out the words at intervals, between a series of wheezy pantings for breath. And by the time he had finished, what with being taken by surprise, and strenuously pulled, I was inside the door again.

He got us both in; pushed, dragged, and talked us into a comfortable lighted room; made us sit down, and then fell back exhausted into an easy-chair. I would not have given a farthing for his sanity.

"Off!" he shouted, as soon as he could speak, "that was a breather, and no mistake! Now, gentlemen, listen a moment. I am a passionate old dog; but I've gone too far. I'm sorry. I apologise. I might have known that you were simply bamboozled by a set of fellows who ought to have known better. However, I see it all now; you've been hoaxed, and that's the long and short of it. Now look here! take your choice. Saddle the high horse, stand on your dignity, walk out as you did just now, and go back in a rage to the barracks, to find yourselves a standing joke to the mess for many a day; or stop where you are. I don't care much for youngsters, as a general rule, but I like you"—turning towards me—"for your pluck, and I dare say your friend will improve on acquaintance. I can give you a good glass of grog, or capital claret, if you prefer it, and a real Havannah if you smoke; although you're both far too young to do anything of the sort. You shall stay with me till such time as Hallett and the rest have done waiting for your return to be grinned at. Then to-morrow you shall tell us many lies as you like about the pleasant evening old Crabby gave you, and forget altogether how he lost his temper. Eh? What do you say?"

What did we say? Why, of course we were inexpressibly delighted. Our eccentric host grunted his satisfaction, and set about his hospitable preparations. Suddenly he paused, and looked curiously at our costumes.

"Slade, dress coats, and general get-up," he soliloquized, in a way that brought the color to our faces. "I tell you what, young one, you've better suited for the drawing room than this den of mine here. Now I'll tell you what I'll do. I'll just put on a coat and take you up-stairs to Mrs. Crab. You've had as much wine as is good for you, I'll be bound, at mess; and I've got the nicest girl to show you between this and Galway. A niece of mine, brought over on a visit. Not going to let the Slashers get about her. No, no! far too good for them; but I'll make an exception with you. Besides," he added, with a peculiar grin, "Mrs. C. will be wondering what all the row's been about."

CHAPTER III.

LAND CRABS.

"Mrs. Crab, Mr. Tombs. Mrs. Crab, Mr.—what's your name? Mr. Lobley. We've been having a little discussion, Mrs. Crab,—nothing to speak of. This, gentlemen, is Miss Crab, come to kill half Athlone,—eh, Maggie?"

"Uncle, how can you be so absurd?"

"Crab, for shame of yourself!"

The first ejaculation came from the young lady, the second from the old one. *Seniores priores*, let us sketch Mrs. Crab first.

Extremes meet, they say. Whatever good reasons Dr. Crab had for choosing his spouse, he certainly must have had an eye to contrast. He was little, stout, red-faced, snub nosed, small-eyed, large-mouthed, loud-voiced, and blunt in the extreme. Mrs. Crab stood six feet in her stockings, was all angles and bones, had a face as yellow as a guinea (the effect of many years spent in Jamaica), large hooked nose, overhanging mouth, with the two front teeth unpleasantly prominent, wore spectacles, and talked in a shrill, hissing tone, which set all your teeth on edge in an instant. The doctor was careless in dress, in manner, and everything else. Mrs. C. was all primness, propriety, stiffness, regularity, and decorum rolled into one body. Finally, the doctor partook of all the good things of this life—solid and liquid,—especially the latter, in utter disregard of gout or dyspepsia; while his lady was a martyr to a perpetual liver complaint, and starved herself in everything except a certain quack medicine—Professor Totley's pills,—which she took herself, and distributed among her friends unsparingly, to the great horror of her worthy husband.

A great deal of all this, of course, I found out afterwards. All that I was conscious of at the time was a gaunt spectre of a woman, taller in reality than myself, and looking from her enormous length of dress a very giantess, who rose up from her seat like a many jointed telescope, and acknowledged our bows with a stiff little jerk of her head, and a glance at her husband which said as plainly as possible, "What ever have you brought these youths here for?"

But the other lady! My dear reader, I am approaching the most critical part of my narrative. Here is the heroine to be exhibited for your inspection, and really I cannot do her anything like justice. Looking back, the impression left upon my mind is that of a brown, sauncy-looking brunette, with irregular features, curling hair clustering over a somewhat low forehead, large dark eyes, *nez retroussé* (I like disguising our blunt English phrase), tolerable-sized mouth, and small, elegant figure. "In fact, a very ordinary, commonplace girl altogether, eh, Mr. Tombs?" Not at all, my dear reader; she was really one of the most charming creatures I have ever come across, irresistibly so. There was a piquant, saucy, boyish look about that face; a pleasant, merry, unembarrassed, yet perfectly ladylike grace in all her words and actions, which told immediately with the male sex. Your first idea was, "What a glorious boy that girl would make!" your second, "She's the jolliest girl I ever came across;" and then you got thoroughly bewitched, and went home to dream of her. Where the charm was hidden, whether in the hair that never would lie straight, or the laughing eyes that were always bewildering you with their brightness, or the little nose which violated every rule of classical beauty, or the pouting red lips which were seldom closed for two seconds together, or the dimpled chin, or where, you couldn't for the life of you tell. But one thing was certain, it lay somewhere, and that was all about it.

"Tea, Mrs. C.," said the doctor. "I told these young gentlemen how much better it was for them than guzzling all the evening. We'll go down to grog and smoke at ten. Never you say again, Miss Maggie, that I don't bring the red-coats to see you. Here are a couple. Talk away: but don't make too much noise; I want a nap." And thereupon he lay back in an easy chair, threw a silk handkerchief over his head, and almost immediately favored us to a little snoring.

Six months in the Slashers had done a good deal for me, but still I was not over and above used to ladies' society. I glanced at Lobley; he was staring fixedly at a porcelain figure on the mantelpiece, and trying, apparently, to tear off one of his waistcoat buttons. Mrs C. made the tea in solemn silence. As to the young lady, I did not dare to look at her. There was a frightful pause, broken only by the doctor's snores. Suddenly a hearty burst of laughter rang through the room.

"Margaret, my dear!" said Mrs. Crab, reprovingly.

"Oh, I really couldn't help it. It was so ridiculous, so like a Quakers' meeting! Come, Mr. Tombs, my uncle told us to talk; can't you say something?"

There was something so comic in the low with which she spoke, that I could not help laughing with her. Somehow or other, my shyness all vanished. In five minutes we were the best friends in the world. Once loosened, my tongue went on wheels. I told her all my first impressions of the 200th, described my brother officers, went through a good deal of innocent scandal, told a few mess-tales, second-hand, and found myself prattling as only an ensign, not quite eighteen, can prattle, when totally at his ease. It seemed to amuse the young lady immensely. Meanwhile Mr. Crab never spoke, except to check our merriment when it seemed likely to interrupt the veteran's snores, and Lobley fidgeted in his chair, and pretended to be engaged in a volume of "Views up the Rhine." I am ashamed to own it, but I rather exulted over him, and felt not a little proud of playing first fiddle to such an extent. He certainly looked anything but comfortable.

We got from barrack life back to an earlier date. I began describing Chickenborough, and my home there. Mrs. Crab pricked up her ears.

"Are you the eldest son, Mr. Tombs?" she asked, turning her spectacles full upon me.

"Eldest and only one," I said.

"Sisters?"

"Oh, yes—three."

"Large house?"

I described the house and grounds, not without an instinctive notion that she had no right to question me. If it had been the young lady it would have been very different. Mrs. Crab seemed quite altered. She redoubled her questions, until I had gone pretty fairly through all our domestic arrangements. Miss Crab looked annoyed. Her aunt's face brightened considerably, and she asked me quite cordially to have another cup of tea.

"And where do you come from, Mr. Lobley?" said the giantess, turning round to my brother sub. "Thank goodness," I thought, "there's somebody else in for it now."

Lobley had become thoroughly sulky. He replied very shortly,—so grumpily, indeed, that I thought Mrs. C. would be offended. But she was not. I never say any one so eager for domestic details. Lobley had no more chance with her than I had. In five minutes she had pumped out of him that he was the third son out of six; father an officer on half-pay, living in Germany; mother dead; he himself sent into the army by a rich uncle; with sundry other details fairly dragged out of him, to the evident increase of his ill-humor.

I began to think it was too bad, the catechising had grown insufferable. Miss Maggie's face expressed the same feeling. Suddenly, with a jerk of her arm, intentional I believe, over went the round table at her elbow, with her teacup and a work-box on it. There was a crash, and up started the doctor, in time to hear Mrs. Crab's angry rebuke. He stretched himself and arose.

"There, that's enough. Pick up the pieces; why bless me—it's after ten! Talked enough, Meg, eh? And how are the youngsters?" turning to Lobley and myself. "One of you looks bored. Mrs. C's had him in hand, I'll be bound. The other's sober; he's been in your care, Miss Mag. Well, come, let's move downstairs, and have something hot. Ladies, time for you to go to bed."

"Before you go, Mr. Tombs," said the giantess, addressing me with a smiling face, very different from the one with which she had listened to poor Lobley's confusion, "you must accept a little present, not ornamental, but useful. I always give one to my *friends* [a strong emphasis on the word,] and you must promise to use it."

"Yes, put it behind the fire, or poison his worst enemy with it. What do you say to a dose of pills, Tombs, eh?" growled the doctor.

"Mr. Tombs is too sensible to be prejudiced by misrepresentations," said Mrs. Crab, producing, sure enough, a pill-box from her pocket. "Two taken every night at bedtime—"

"Will kill you in a week," interrupted her spouse.

I was beginning to see Mrs. Crab's weak points. "Thank you, ma'am," I struck in. "I will certainly try them."

Dr. Crab favored me with a stare. "Whew!" he whistled, "you're a deep one, or I'm much mistaken. Well, are we ready now? Isn't Mr. Lobley to have a box?"

"Oh, thank you, I hate physic," said my friend, incurriously. Mrs. Crab glared at him vindictively through her spectacles. We said good night to the ladies. Miss Crab gave us a pleasant smile at parting. As to Mrs. C., she was barely civil to Lobley. The two elder brothers, added to the rejection of Totley's pills, had evidently settled him, once and for ever, in her estimation.

It was midnight before we left the Crow's Nest. Dr. Crab proved a most entertaining host. In his own peculiar gruff style, he jerked out anecdote after anecdote from the experience of a military life of twenty-five years spent in every quarter of the globe. The whiskey was excellent, the cigars ditto; although I am afraid we were very incompetent critics. Time passed away only too quickly. We rose as the clock struck twelve.

"Tut, tut," said our host. "I won't press you to stay. Late enough. Don't like to see lads out later than this. Glad to have seen you. Remember another time, and don't take an angry man at his word. You shall come to see me again. No small honor that, I can tell you; for I'm not over-fond of company. What's more, you shall come and see Mag. You're too young for much mischief yet. Never mind Mrs. Crab and her pills. Take care of the step. There—good night," and he slammed the door behind us.

"What a jolly ending to a bad beginning!" I exclaimed as we walked back. "Capital old chap when you come to know him. And what a stunning girl!"

"Humph," said bobley, "the girl's all well enough; so was the grog; but if ever I met such a creature as that yellow old woman—"

We came to the barrack gates before he had finished.

CHAPTER IV.

"OFFICERS, COME IN YOU PLEASE."*

The undress uniform of the Royal Slashers at this period consisted of a tight shell jacket (scarlet, with yellow facings), fitting closely to the body, with a row of gold buttons down the front, and decorated on the shoulders with what I can best describe as two baker's twists covered with gold thread; a forage cap with the regimental number in front; trousers of the lightest, washed-out, faded-looking blue; together with white pipe-clayed sword-belt, buckled round the waist, completed a costume which, though suitable enough for a well made man, was highly ridiculous when displayed on a lanky ensign or a fat old major.

Attired after this fashion, I walked towards the mess-room to breakfast the next morning, with head slightly aching from the effects of the doctor's whiskey.

It only wanted half an hour to parade, and at least a dozen fellows were standing at the door, or leaning out of the mess-room windows, enjoying the bright sunshine, and watching the lively bustle going on, as the men came trooping out of their various quarters. A regular roar greeted me as I come up. "Well, Tombs, what sort of an evening?"—"Was old Crabby glad to see you?"—"How about the dragon?"—"Who was kicked out first, you or Lobley?"—"Did the old boy have a fit?"—"Hat he sent his love to the mess?" There were a few of the questions which were asked in a volley, interspersed with shouts of laughter which brought every officer within hearing to the spot.

"Way didn't you come back?" said Fullarton, taking advantage of a slight lull. "We waited for you till nearly twelve; and, by the same token, I lost a bottle of claret to Saunders, on your being home in half an hour."

"Couldn't lose us, eh?" grinned Hallett.

"It must have been an affecting sense,—Damon and Pythias bearding old Crab," roared Fullarton. I may remark that Lobley and I had a series of nicknames,—Damon Twins, Hob and Nob, Damon and Pythias, &c.

"Well, but come, Tombs; tell us all about

*The common interpretation of the bugle-call which summons the officers to parade.

it, and we'll promise not to laugh," said Rose; "that is, if we can help it. Let us have the whole history."

"Upon my word," I said, striving hard to put on a face of bewilderment, "I don't know what you all mean. I can only say we spent a very pleasant evening, and didn't leave until this morning."

"Oh, come, come! that's too good," interrupted Fullarton. "Why, man alive, you know well enough that Dr. Crab never invited you at all. Your humble servant wrote the letters, and that's the long and short of it!"

"Then Dr. Crab takes a joke very kindly," I said, coolly. "He gave us a hearty welcome—tea up-stairs, whiskey and cigars below—and kept us till midnight." They stared. I spoke so seriously that they were evidently nonplussed.

"Wonders will never cease," observed Hallett, shrugging his shoulders; "I would have laid a hundred to one that Crab would have horse-whipped you. He's the crankiest spit-fire in the service. You're not trying on a little humbug, youngster, now, are you?"

"Humbug or not, Captain Hallett," I said, in an injured tone, "I have not enjoyed an evening so much for a long time. Lobley may speak for himself."

"Well, there's a mystery somewhere," said Hallet. "Just fancy, sir!" he continued, addressing the senior major who walked up at that moment. "Our two youngsters spent the evening with the doctor yesterday; and, more extraordinary still, enjoyed themselves!"

"With Dr. Crab? Bless me!" said the major. "Why, Mr. Tombe, you will be able to tell us something of the new beauty. All the ladies are raving about a girl who has been seen about with Mrs. C., a regular out-and-outer, so far as I can gather."

"Ah, that explains the pleasant evening," observed Fullarton. "Why, Tombe, you are a slier rogue than I thought!"

I told the major I had certainly been introduced to the young lady—thought her very pleasing, good looking, and so on—good talker, and plenty of fun about her.

"Well, you're a lucky dog, that's all I can say," replied the major. "She has been in Athlone a week, and you're the first person I have heard of as having been introduced to her. Mr. Tombe has stolen a march upon you all, gentlemen."

"I consider that you are under deep obligation to me, Tombe, my boy, for sending you last night to the doctor's; besides having cost me a bottle of claret," observed Fullarton, as I rushed into the mess-room to snatch a few mouthfuls before parade.

It was a fearfully hot morning. The perspiration rolled off my face as we marched and wheeled, and formed hollow square, and wore out time, boots, and patience together, on the scorching gravel of the barrack square. It was over at last. The welcome dismissal was given. The major and adjutant walked off to the orderly-room; officers, panting and flushed, went to the mess-room for pale ale; the men retreated to their quarters; the nursery maids and miscellaneous public, who had clustered about the gates, dispersed; and in a few seconds the square was nearly deserted. As to myself, I took refuge from the heat in my own room; quickly threw off my tight uniform and odious stock; put on the lightest summer suit I possessed, and lay cooling for half an hour in my easy-chair. There was a sharp knock at the door, and in walked no less a person than Dr. Crab.

I cannot say that uniform improved his appearance. What with his face and dress together, there was so much red about him, that the bushy white whiskers were quite a relief. He gave a sort of amiable growl as he sat down.

"Humph! Don't know what's come over me. First subaltern I've been to see for years. Taken a fancy to you somehow. [illegible] you stuck up to me last night. Ugh! haven't you got an easy chair?"

"Take this one, sir," I exclaimed, springing up.

"Ah! thank you; there! Not bad quarters there."

"Too good for a sub. Humph! Pictures, smoking caps, dressing-case, cigar-box, dressing-gown, scent-bottle, and I don't know what," looking round my neat apartment. "Far too much foolery. Ought to be ready to march at a minute's notice. Shouldn't smoke; far too young, humph!"

"Your cigars were very good last night, doctor."

"Shouldn't have given them you, very wrong, nor grog either. By the way, I feel thirsty now. May as well have some lunch. Come along, and we'll have some together in the mess-room. Where's the other fellow—Lobley?—eh?"

I said I had not seen him all the morning.

"Ah! grog too much for him; seedy; headache and soda-water," grunted the doctor as we turned out.

Our entrance into the mess-room produced no small sensation. It appeared that the doctor had not set foot in it since his return from a six months' leave, nor was he at the best of times very fond of favoring it with his presence. Quite a group surrounded him, with real or pretended congratulations on his reappearance. He took it all very coolly.

"There, there! that will do. I'm sure you've all been lost without me. Ah! Hallett; stouter than ever, I see. I always told you how it would be. Apoplexy, my dear fellow, apoplexy! Give these youngsters a step, some day, as sure as fate."

"Confound him!" growled the senior captain, "I'd back my life against his any day." But I saw he did not much like the allusion.

"I saw Sir Edward, the other day, in town," went on the doctor, addressing Maxwell, the younger brother of this same Sir Edward, with whom he was at deadly feud. "Remarkably well he looked, to be sure. No chance of the title passing yet awhile. They talk of his getting married shortly. By-the-way, speaking of marriage, didn't I see Miss Thompson's wedding in the papers, the other day, at Dublin? I always thought——ah! I beg pardon, Delany, I had forgotten you were here. Never mind, plenty more fish in the sea, you know, humph!"

"Better not fish at all than catch a Tartar, doctor," said Fullarton, with a mischievous smile, covering Delany's retreat.

"Mrs. Crab is very well, thank you," cried the imperturbable little man, at once appropriating the allusion. "Where did you pick up that spavined old hack I saw you driving yesterday?"

"Spavined old hack! Confound it all," said Fullarton, starting up, "I gave Morrison a cool hundred for him, two months ago."

"Ah! exactly. Should have thought he was one of Morrison's, from the look of him. Heard the other day that a fifteen-year-old screw, which had been in every regiment in the garrison, regular roarer, had been palmed off on a greenhorn from somewhere or other. It can't be the same of course," continued the doctor, as Fullarton walked off angrily.

"There. Tombe, my boy, we can have lunch, I think, now that the coast is clear."

Clear enough, in all conscience! The doctor had utterly routed his opponents with his caustic tongue. We were left in peace. His victory added considerably to my companion's good temper.

"Fetch Mr. Lobley," he said, as he concluded a hearty attack on the cold meat and pickles. "I was told to bring you both. Ladies want a sail. All go together, eh?"

I had intended joining Fullarton and one or two others on a rabbit-shooting expedition. The thought of another chat with Miss Maggie decided the question.

"You're mad, Tombe!" exclaimed Fullarton, angrily, when I told him. "Old Crabstick's only making game of you—taking you up out of spite to us for our joke upon him. It's this girl, I suppose, you're thinking of. Well, Crab knows she's pretty safe with such boys as you and Lobley."

"At all events," I said, rather nettled, "the doctor had the best of it just now, hadn't he?"

"He fights his battles," said Fullarton, sharply, "with the same weapon as that with which Samson smote the Philistines—the jawbone of an ass."

CHAPTER V.

SUNSHINE.

I date a succession of very pleasant days from my introduction to Dr. Crab. It soon became known throughout the barracks and Athlone generally that the doctor had broken through his usual caution, and come out in a new character altogether—patron of myself, and in a somewhat less degree of Lobley also. Not only did that first boating expedition come off with great success, but many others after it. Rides, excursions on foot, visits to the neighboring towns, little social picnics, &c., &c., followed one another in quick succession. True to his declared determination, we were the only Slashers whom the doctor admitted to the society of his niece, save and except the colonel and paymaster, who had been old cronies of his through years of home and foreign service. As both Colonel Cox and Captain Seaton had wives we formed a tolerable party altogether. There was a Miss Cox, a moderately pretty girl of eighteen, very thick with Miss Maggie, besides some smaller fry who were occasionally admitted to our expeditions.

"Some men achieve greatness, and some have greatness thrust upon them." Much did the mess wonder at the singular good luck of its two junior members. We had hitherto been rather treated as—what indeed we were—little better than a couple of schoolboys; but now seldom a day came but we were at the colonel's, who rarely encouraged visitors save on special and state occasions; or, more usually still, at the Crow's Nest, which, though heretofore regarded rather as a dragon's den, was now vainly besieged by military and civil, male and female, alike desirous of knowing the beautiful Miss Margaret Crab. The doctor was inexorable. Cards, of course, were politely returned, but invitations as politely declined. A large picnic given by the mess could not tempt him, nor was Mrs. Crab to be won over, although specially invited. Miss Maggie herself seemed quite to acquiesce.

"I don't really care to know any one else, Mr. Tombe," she said one day, when I questioned her on the subject. "Uncle and aunt, Colonel and Mrs. Cox, the Seatons, dear Mary"—that was Miss Cox,—"and, though last not least, Mr. Lobley and yourself, are quite enough for all practical purposes. I've got over my schoolgirl admiration of a red coat"—she wasn't more than my own age, I'm certain,—"and would far rather have such a cosy little party as we had last night at the colonel's than any amount of violent dissipation. Besides—but you are too young to understand what I was going to say." Fancy that to a six months' old ensign in the Slashers! "Well, don't look cross, and I'll tell you. You know if there really was anything going on which I should like to be at, I could easily coax uncle and the dear old colonel into taking me, and meanwhile—"

"Meanwhile, your ladyship's acquaintance is the more sought after because people can't get it," I interrupted.

"Your penetration does you credit, sir. You are improving, I must say. If you could but produce a pair of nice whiskers I might fancy you quite a man."

"Confound—"

"There, don't use naughty words. I'm going into the garden, and you may come with me if you like."

In sober earnest nothing could have been more fortunate for me in every way than the intimate familiarity into which I was admitted at the surgeon's and colonel's. With all his eccentricities Dr. Crab was, at the bottom, a most kindly-hearted, sensible man, and his friendship, when he chose to bestow it, was real and valuable, especially to an impulsive youngster like myself. To a much greater degree might this be said of the colonel. A thorough gentleman and soldier, of splendid family, noted as one of the crack commanding officers of his day, possessing the [illegible] esteem of all his officers and perfectly adored by the men, no wonder I felt proud of being noticed by him. With an ample fortune, a nice house on the banks of the Shannon, a kind lady-like wife, and a family of well-educated merry children of all ages, from the pretty Mary of eighteen down to a bright-eyed young toddler of five, I was only too glad to avail myself of their kindness. I was still boy enough to join in the youngsters' games. Many a romp did we all—Mary Cox and Maggie Crab included—have on the smooth lawn which sloped gently down to the waters of the finest river in Ireland, while the seniors sat at the open dining-room windows and applauded. Nay, more than once did Dr. Crab put down his meerschaum, and forcibly dragging the colonel and Captain Seaton with him, enter vigorously into a game of blind-man's-buff, or tick, until, as the victimized colonel remarked, a day in the trenches was nothing to it. Lobley of course joined in these diversions, though to a less extent. There was a mutual coolness between him and Mrs. Crab, that worthy dame having a decided antipathy to younger sons, while Lobley himself had as great a dislike to Professor Tubley's pills, not having the discretion—or, shall we say, hypocrisy—of your humble servant, who pocketed every pill-box that was offered him, and quietly threw it away as soon as convenient.

Moreover, my brother sub was hardly of my childish state of mind, and having had the starch taken out of his shirt-collar and his nose injured against a tree while playing blind-man's-buff on a certain occasion, when Miss Maggie contrived that he should continue blindfold for nearly half an hour, he had declared that he didn't care for so much romping. However, he was quite considered as one of our little party, or, as Fullarton expressed it, one of the partners in the firm of Cox, Crab, and Co.

Of course we had to run the gauntlet of plenty of senseless jokes from the mess. Crab in all shapes and forms—curried, grilled, and cold—was ordered for our special edification. On one occasion, on entering my room late at night, I found half a dozen living specimens crawling sideways about the floor; on another, the sharp claws and cold body of the same marine delicacy—boiled, however, this time—caused me to jump out of bed in no little consternation. Lobley fared no better. We were dignified with the title of the Infant Crabs; had the pleasure of seeing a meaning smile pass round the table as we rose before the decanters had gone twice round, and of hearing the doctor, his wife, and niece made the subject of a hundred pointed remarks, which, however ridiculous to look back upon now, were sufficiently galling at the time. However, it was only harmless chaff after all. I had sense enough even then to understand that the pleasant social evenings at the colonel's, the quiet rubbers at Captain Seaton's, and little suppers at the Crow's Nest, with the accompaniment of an innocent flirtation with the fair Maggie, were far preferable, as well as more profitable to mind and body, than sitting over cards and claret in the mess-room till the small hours. However, whether I thought so then or not, I certainly do now.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

English Orators.

There is a decided difference between English and American oratory. Though Parliament orators were often hopelessly dull and outrageously prolix, I have rarely heard them give utterance to such rant and bombast as too often adorn the pages of our *Congressional Globe*. They were soporific, but gentlemanly; Americans are lively, but childish and quarrelsome, not to say profane. English wit is rather heavy, port-winish, destitute of point; American partakes largely of personalities and Biblical quotations. An English audience delights in a calm and placid flow of oratory, devoid of emotion and eccentricity; and Englishmen are shocked and disgusted at the slang and profanity of American speakers. The number of fine orators in Parliament is very small; Mr. Gladstone is the most chaste and beautiful orator whom I have ever heard. His voice is low but clear as a bell, and his grace and dignity of manner would enchain attention, even if unaccompanied by the elegant flow of language which this somewhat ideal statesman pours forth without the slightest hesitancy. It must be remembered that in Parliament, members are never allowed to read their speeches, but must deliver them extempore or from memory. Disraeli, contrary to my expectations, is a poor orator, though his speeches read finely. His language is always fresh and sparkling, with a strong tincture of pungency, but his manner of delivery is so excessively labored, that I was glad to shut my eyes while I listened. He is not a very deep nor powerful reasoner, but a wonderfully clever speech-writer, and possessed of the faculty of being interesting on whatever subject he takes up. Lord Cranbourne, who is considered the sarcastic gentleman of the house, seemed to me to speak very weak vinegar and to be exceedingly tiresome. Perhaps he was not in a sufficiently sour state of mind when I heard him. John Bright would please any American audience immensely. With a thundering voice and majestic person, he makes the walls of Parliament echo to as noble and eloquent words as it has been my good fortune ever to hear. He is an extreme Radical, and, as a thorough believer in American institutions, counts among his enemies fully three-fourths of the members of Commons. Yet they all like to hear him, however little they may concur with what he says. Moreover, they don't dare to interrupt him with taunts and impertinent inquiries, so that he enjoys what we should call "the full swing of the house," and it is a rare treat to hear him.

The interruption to which I have just alluded is not very creditable to Parliamentary members, nor does it give one a very exalted idea of English politeness and refinement. If any member on the Liberal side indulges in rather pointed language, or strives too hard to produce some oratorical effect, the whole opposition burst forth into hootings, hisses, and shouts of derisive laughter. So, on the other hand, when some unfortunate Tory gets confused, there is showered on him a perfect torrent of "Sit down," "Count the House," "Hear, hear," members hooting and yelling at this poor fellow till he is ready to drop down with mortification.

When the vote on the Reform Bill was taken, the Government majority was so small that many thought they would resign and give up the field to the opposition. I was present when Mr. Gladstone announced that the Government had resolved not to resign, and the tempest which arose from the opposition ranks would have better befitted a mob in St. Giles than three hundred members of Parliament. But then an ordinary traveller in England soon learns that the boasted politeness of its inhabitants is confined to a mythical few with whom it is very doubtful if he comes in contact.

AN EQUIVOCAL COMPLIMENT.—It is Scripturally asserted that "long hair is a glory to a woman." Some look well with it short; but as a general thing, in the words of a contemporary, "when a lady in short hair unsparingly requests our opinion of her appearance, we are reminded of an old dame who had a carroty haired clerk, that spent most of his time and all of his attention in the cultivation of a saffron-colored moustache, [illegible] Dickens [illegible] to Fascination Fledgeby, and who asked the old man how he liked it. The former regarded him attentively for some time, with an [illegible] [illegible] apparent in every feature of the benign countenance, and impressively said to him, 'Sir, if he lived long enough, was blessed by Providence, enjoyed good health, slept well at night, had good luck and no [illegible], he would look like Satan in about six weeks!'"

☞ A four-year-old went to church Sunday, and when he got home his grandmother asked him what the minister said. "Don't know," said he; "he didn't speak to me." A good many older people might answer in the same way.

ADVERTISING ADVENTURES.

I recently sent five dollars to some philosopher in Maine who was willing to communicate a method of making an easy livelihood to all young men of enterprising habits, and possessed of a V. Back came a book by return of post. The volume was labelled "Typographia." On opening it, a slip of paper was inserted between the title-page and the blank leaves, and on the slip was written:—

"You can be either a type-setter, a proof-reader, or a foreman, by reading this book. It contains all the necessary information. You only require a little practice, which you can gain by hiring yourself out for a year or two to any respectable printer. E. E."

This was nearly as good as the advice to a seeker after a fortune, who sent money to an advertiser in Hartford, Conn., and received the recommendation "to peddle cigars, half Havana and half home-made, as I did, and be always ready to pick up a stray chicken."

My curiosity was next exercised by an advertisement setting forth that for one dollar the likeness of my "future wife or husband" would be sent. I consulted with half-a-dozen bachelor friends on the subject, and we unanimously resolved to invest one dollar each for the immense privilege of seeing the individuals who were to be our partners in this "vale of tears," and who were to double our blessedness by sharing our singularities. It was understood that each was to exhibit the likeness of his predicted bride for the inspection of the company, be she fair or unfair. In due time I received a carte de visite through the post-office. It bore on its face the representation of a female form, got up in the height of the latest fashion, regardless of expense. A splendid ostrich feather crowned what from its magnificence and in my ignorance I will venture to designate an "empire" hat. A velvet cloak, trimmed with lace, was surmounted with a superb fur cape. A robe of black silk was ornamented with numerous devices that might have found their origin in the brains of a kaleidoscope. A foot, or scarce half a foot, peeped out from under a white skirt, revealed by the dress being slightly raised. One tiny, tightly gloved hand was just visible. The face—but there was the trouble, it was a back view—and it might as well have been taken from a dry goodsman's "dummy" as from the human form divine, so far as the "likeness" conveyed any idea to my mind. This was keeping the word of promise to the ear and breaking it to the hope, with a vengeance. I felt inclined to tear the thing up, but remembering my promise to my friends, I forbore. I found afterward that we were all served alike. We have this consolation, however, that our wives are to be fashionably dressed; that is, if the present fashion miraculously continues till we are married.

I paid a dollar to an advertiser who offered a remedy for frost-bitten feet and chapped hands, and which advice was embraced in three words, almost Shakesperian—"Go to Cuba!"

This was excelled by the individual who in late war times offered for five dollars to show any one "a certain and infallible method of escaping the draft," and whose panacea was, "Commit suicide."

I need not say that, for the outlay of untold postage currency and postage stamps, I have received no advice whatever—the advertisers of important information having wisely considered that it was a needless expense trying to enlighten me—and that often I have been invited to invest in lotteries and petroleum companies, and in the manufacturing of unhallowed articles militating against health and morals. Some of my house-hunting friends inform me that they have been victimized in small sums by advertisers who have offered information of leases for sale, and by pretended real estate agents, who have demanded a bonus in advance.

The following curious adventure will serve as a caution, and will also do to wind up with:

A friend of mine in some freak of idleness answered an advertisement which required the small sum of $3 for information by which any one could easily acquire a fortune. My friend is a simple looking youth, and a very good living illustration of the deceptiveness of appearances. Shortly after he had written the letter to the bestower of fortunes, he was waited on at his lodgings by a neatly dressed young man, who produced my friend's note, and asked if he had written it. Affirmatively answered the stranger began to look cautiously around the room, and going to the door opened it suddenly, looked out into the hall, closed the door, and then with a knowing smile came up to my friend and asked if he was a good judge of money. "Tolerable," was the reply.

"Then look at these," said the stranger, producing a lot of fifty cent currency stamps.

My friend inspected them, and saw nothing wrong. The stranger then began his tale to unfold. He would furnish any amount of fifty cent stamps at twenty-five cents. Whew! the murder was out. My friend was startled. What should he do? call the police or kick the fellow out?

To gain time for reflection, some questions were asked. Suddenly there were footsteps in the hall, and a slovenly-dressed man rushed into the room, closed the door, and with a sardonic smile seized the trembling vender of counterfeit currency by the coat collar, and in a tragical whisper, hissed,—

"Caught at last! you're wanted!" and then to my friend, "I arrest you as an accomplice! I would give a hundred dollars if I were in your place, to get out of this affair!"

My friend was astonished. In a moment, however, he regained his self-possession. Making a bound for the window he opened it, and shouted, "Police!" The stranger on hearing that talismanic word, made a rush for the door and the street. The rascals went, but no police came. The "queer" was left behind, and proved to be mighty queer "queer." It was so like the genuine that a broker declared it to be, and took it for good money, and my friend made some fifty dollars by the operation. Still, that kind of accident does not happen often enough to make the answering of swindling advertisements a profitable business.

☞ An early visitor to Saratoga says that, thus far, conservatism rules in politics, high church in religion, and the all-frizzled [illegible] in fashion.

☞ As one of the results of the war, it may be stated that there are at the present time in the United States no less than twenty-five manufactories of artificial legs.

☞ At a recent lottery in Rome, a young girl was offered as a prize. The tickets were all taken, but the affair was considered so scandalous that the police interfered to stop it.

CRITICAL FALLIBILITY.

The "Quarterly Review" on Tennyson and Dickens.

BY EDMUND YATES.

Even the greatest literary periodicals are not infallible; sometimes the judgment which they pronounce is not indorsed by even the educational portion of the public, and occasionally they have been forced to eat their own words, or rather to ignore their own previously expressed opinions, and to chant in an exactly opposite key.

I happen to have at hand some back volumes of that charming periodical, the "Quarterly Review," which, as Mr. Gladstone recently expressed it, is the "food which is served up for the intellectual appetites of the highest classes," and, looking through them recently, I have been very much charmed, not merely with their genial appreciation of youthful talent, and the truly humorous and pleasant style in which they are written, but with the noticeable foresight displayed in them, and the predictions which future experience has ratified.

In volume forty-nine, now, for instance, there is a review of some poems by a wretched scribbler called Alfred Tennyson, who has never since been heard of, and whose writings receive the contempt they deserve. The critic opens with an apology for having overlooked Mr. Tennyson's first volume, and goes on to say, "but we gladly seize the opportunity of repairing an unintentional neglect, and of introducing to the examination of our more sequestered readers a new prodigy of genius, another and a brighter star of that galaxy or *milky way* of poetry of which the lamented Keats was the harbinger." Of course this is what Mr. Artemus Ward calls "sarkasum," as the reviewer takes care to let you know, lest you should make any mistake about it, by his use of italics; and the next sentence is in a similar strain.

"Warned by our former mishap, wise by experience, and improved, as we hope, in taste, we have to offer Mr. Tennyson our tribute of unmingled approbation, and it is very agreeable to us, as well as to our readers; but our present task will be merely the selection, for their delight, of a few specimens of Mr. Tennyson's singular genius, and venturing to point out, now and then, the peculiar brilliancy of some of the gems that irradiate his poetical crown." Shortly afterwards I find a quotation and the comment on it, the latter again brimming over with Artemus Ward's peculiar attribute. Here they are:

"—— Doth forward flee,
By town and tower, and hill and cape and isle,
And in the middle of the green salt sea,
Keeps his blue waters fresh for many a mile."

"A noble wish beautifully expressed, that he may not be confounded with the deluge of ordinary poets, but amidst the discolored and oriny ocean still preserve his own fresh tints and sweet savor. He may be at ease on this point; he never can be mistaken for any one else. We have but too late become acquainted with him, but we assure ourselves that if a thousand anonymous specimens were presented to us, we should unerringly distinguish him by the total absence of any particle of salt."

What a funny dog it is! Yet oh! a little hard on poor Mr. Tennyson, isn't he? I have only space for one more extract, again quotation and comment:

"Sweet as the noise in parched plains,
Of bubbling wells that fret the stones,
(*If any sense in me remains*)
Thy words will be—thy cheerful tones,
As welcome to my crumbling bones."

"*If any sense in me remains!* This doubt is inconsistent with the opening stanza of the piece, and, in fact, too modest; we take upon ourselves to assure Mr. Tennyson that, even after he shall be dead and buried, as much sense will still remain as he has now the good fortune to possess."

You will perceive that true, discriminating, and gentlemanly as that criticism was, Mr. Tennyson has had the good fortune to survive it.

My next selection shall be from volume fifty-nine, published in the year 1837, where, in a review of the first seventeen numbers of the "Pickwick Papers," I find the following prophetic passage:

"Having made up our minds as to the origin of Mr. Dickens's popularity, it remains to add a word or two as to its durability, of which many warm admirers are already beginning to doubt, not, it must be owned, without reason; for the last three or four numbers are certainly much inferior to the former ones, and indications are not wanting that the peculiar vein of humor which has hitherto yielded such attractive metal is worn out. This, indeed, from its very nature, must have been anticipated by any clear-sighted and calculating observer from the first."

O delightful, "clear-sighted, and calculating observer!" O genial prophet, O kindly encourager of rising talent, how wise were thy words! Since then the "particular vein of humor" which, nearly thirty years ago, you generously pronounced to be "worked out," has yielded Dotheboys Hall, the Squeerses, the Crummleses, the Mantalinis, Mrs. Nickleby, the Dodger, Fagin, Bumble; Quilp, Dick Swiveller, Codlin, and Short, Sampson Brass, Mr. Chuckster, and the Marchioness; Sim Tappertit, Mr. Chester, Dennis the hangman, Miggs, Mrs. Varden, and Grip the Raven; Pecksniff, Mark Tapley, Mrs. Todgers, Bailey, junior, all the American characters, and Mrs. Gamp, Captain Cuttle, Toots, Bunsby, Major Bagstock, the Native, Cousin Feenix, and Mrs. Skewton; Micawber, Traddles, Peggotty, and Barkis; the young man of the name of Guppy, Miss Flite, Boythorn, and Skimpole; Joe Gargery, Pumblechook, Jaggers, all the characters in the Christmas books, all the personages met by the Uncommercial Traveller! For nine-and-twenty years since that criticism was written, has the "worked-out author" gone on producing characters which are household words in English literature and English social life!

☞ A paper published in the mining districts reports an accident to a man when going from Hell Hollow to Red Dog by way of You Bet.

☞ While some boys in New Orleans were amusing themselves by firing a toy cannon, the other day, one of them, Marcus Murphy, ten years of age, had his eyes blown out, and his face frightfully burned by the explosion of a can of gunpowder.

☞ A lady, recently of Anderson, S.C., died at the age of seventy years. For thirty-six days prior to her death, she had not eaten one mouthful of food, and subsisted solely on water.

What Used to be Meant by Whiskers.

"Before it is too late," says the London Athenæum, "let it be remembered that *whiskers*, in the English of all centuries preceding the present, are what we now call *mustaches*. The dictionaries have never admitted the modern meaning: even down to the sixpenny Walker of the stalls, we have 'hair on the lip.' Of course every one is aware what the whiskers are when we speak of a cat. Nevertheless, it might be difficult to confirm the dictionaries, and the recollections of old people, by a very clear quotation; for the mode in which whiskers are usually mentioned, whether in earnest or in satire, will most often apply to any hair on the face. The following, however, is decisive: it is from the queer *fantasia* about whiskers in 'Tristram Shandy'—'La Fosseuse drew her bodkin from the knot of her hair, and having traced the outline of a small whisker, with the blunt end of it, upon one side of her upper lip, put it into La Rebours's hand.' This we recommend to lexicographers. The French word *moustache* is from the Greek. It was admitted into the English of the seventeenth century as a new word." The writer is wrong in asserting that the modern acceptation of the word whiskers has not been adopted by the dictionaries. Worcester defines whiskers as "hair growing on a man's cheeks."

A LITTLE TOO COMMON.—A plain spoken Western preacher delivered the following from his desk:—"I would announce to the congregation that, probably by mistake, there was left at this meeting-house this morning a small cotton umbrella, much damaged by time and wear, and of exceeding pale blue color, in the place whereof was taken a very large black silk umbrella, and of great beauty. Blunders of this sort, brethren and sisters, are getting a little too common."

☞ The Cleveland Plaindealer, in speaking of the hot weather, says that several barrels of unknown persons, who have been converted into liquid grease by the sun heat, are on exhibition at the coroner's office in that city, awaiting identification by their friends. One of the barrels contains a waterfall and a patent calf.

☞ From experiments carefully conducted it appears that the thickest cream does not always yield the most butter.

☞ They number in Japan four religions, among which are divided the thirty-six millions people who inhabit that country.

☞ The True American says that at the residence of Mr. G. W. Grant, in Trenton, during the "heated term," the sun played with such intense heat upon a staple which was inserted in the cellar door, in old and dry wood, that it set fire to the wood and burned a hole the size of the crown of a man's hat.

☞ A woman in Richmond recently undertook to cure her husband of intemperance by filling his whiskey bottle with kerosene. He took a dose, which made him cavort round the room like an Indian at a war dance. He begged for relief, forgave the deception, promised to abstain from liquor forevermore, and—hurried out to get a little "real old stuff, to take the cussed taste out of his mouth."

Is Your Hair Falling or Becoming Gray?

If so, use

"London"	The most	"Hair Color Restorer"
"London"		"Hair Color Restorer"
"London"	Reliable Hair	"Hair Color Restorer"
"London"		"Hair Color Restorer"
"London"	Restorative.	"Hair Color Restorer"
"London"		"Hair Color Restorer"

For Restoring Gray Hair and Preventing Baldness.

Only 75 cents a bottle; six bottles $4. Sold at Dr SWAYNE'S, 330 North Sixth street, Philadelphia, and all leading Druggists and Fancy Goods Dealers. my26-eowtf

MOTH AND FRECKLES.

Ladies afflicted with Discolorations on the Face, called moth patches, or freckles, should use PERRY'S Celebrated MOTH and FRECKLE LOTION. It is infallible. Prepared by Dr. B. C. PERRY, Dermatologist, 49 Bond St., N. Y. Sold by all druggists, and by Dr. Perry, 49 Bond St. Price $2. je16-6m

A SURE remedy for CHILLS AND FEVER. AYER'S AGUE CURE never fails. aug11-2t

THE MARKETS.

FLOUR AND MEAL.—There has been rather more doing in the way of sales, but bbls sold, in lots, mostly to the home trade, including [illegible] bbls Northwest extra family at $[illegible]; small lots of superfine at $[illegible]; old stock extra at $[illegible]; fresh ground do. from new Wheat at $[illegible]; old stock Penna and Ohio extra family at $10.50@11; fresh ground do at $[illegible], and fancy brands at from $[illegible] ♥ bbl, according to quality. Rye Flour and Corn Meal continue dull. Small sales of the former are reported at $5 [illegible], and the latter at $4,25 ♥ bbl for Penna Meal.

GRAIN.—Prime new Wheat continues scarce. About [illegible] bus sold at from $[illegible] ♥ bus, 1000 bus old winter Wheat sold at $[illegible], and [illegible] do prime Chicago spring at $2.30 ♥ bus. Rye, small sales are making at [illegible] ♥ bus for Western and Penna. Corn, [illegible] bus Western mixed sold at [illegible], and [illegible] bus prime, yellow at [illegible] ♥ bus. Oats, 29,000 bus new Delaware sold at [illegible], and [illegible] bus old Penna at [illegible] ♥ bus.

PROVISIONS.—Prices are well maintained, but the market continues very dull. Small sales are making at [illegible] ♥ bbl for new Mess Pork; [illegible] ♥ lb for Bacon Hams; [illegible] for pickled do; [illegible] for salt Shoulders, and [illegible] ♥ lb for Butter as to quality. Cheese—Sales of new New York at [illegible]. Eggs are selling at [illegible] ♥ dozen.

COTTON.—The market has been dull. About 730 bales of Middlings sold in lots at from [illegible] ♥ lb for Uplands and New Orleans.

GROCERIES.—Coffee continues scarce. Small sales of Rio are making at [illegible] ♥ lb, currency. Sugar continues very quiet. [illegible] hhds of Cuba sold at from [illegible] ♥ lb, currency.

BARK.—Quercitron continues scarce. Small sales of 1st No 1 are making at $30 ♥ ton.

BEESWAX.—Small sales of yellow at [illegible] ♥ lb.

COAL.—There is very little doing. Cargo sales are making at $[illegible] for white ash, and $[illegible] ♥ ton for red ash.

FRUIT.—Green Apples are selling at $[illegible] ♥ bbl.

HOPS.—Small sales of Eastern and Western are making at from [illegible] ♥ lb, as to quality.

LUMBER.—Sales of Southern Yellow Pine Sap Boards at $[illegible] ♥ M feet, and a cargo of Laths at $[illegible].

SEEDS.—Cloverseed continues scarce. Small sales of prime are reported at $[illegible] ♥ 64 lbs. Flaxseed is also scarce at $[illegible] ♥ bus. Timothy is quoted at $[illegible] ♥ bus.

SPIRITS.—N. E. Rum sells in a small way at $[illegible] ♥ gallon. Whiskey—[illegible] bbls Pennsylvania sold $[illegible], Ohio bbls are held $2,30 ♥ gal.

TALLOW.—Small sales of city rendered are making at [illegible] ♥ lb.

WOOL.—There is no material change to note. About [illegible] lbs sold in lots at prices ranging from [illegible] for extra; [illegible] for fine; [illegible] for medium; [illegible] for coarse; [illegible] for good tub washed; [illegible] for inferior do; [illegible] for No 1 Western pulled, and [illegible] ♥ lb for extra do.

PHILADELPHIA CATTLE MARKETS.

The supply of Beef Cattle during the past week amounted to about 1300 head. The prices realized from [illegible] ♥ lb. [illegible] Cows brought from $30 to [illegible] ♥ head. Sheep—[illegible] head were disposed of at from [illegible] ♥ lb. [illegible] Hogs sold at from $14.50 @15.00 ♥ 100 lbs.

THE LADY'S FRIEND.

"Harvest Time,"—the harvest time of life, as well as of the season—is the appropriate steel engraving of the August number of this beautiful periodical. The double and finely colored steel fashion plate is a gem, as usual. Then we have the usual number of wood-cuts illustrating the "Street Arabs," and the latest fashions in dresses, bonnets, hats, &c. The music is the song of "Childhood and Home." Among the literary contributions, we note "One Summer's Romance," by Clara Augusta; "The Banshee," by Mrs. Hosmer; "The Disputed Patrimony," by Auber Forestier; "The Distressed Bachelor," (concluded) by Mrs. Oliphant; Novelties, Receipts, Fashions, &c. Price $2.50 a year; 2 copies $4; 8 copies (and one *gratis*) $16. Specimen numbers will be sent for 15 cents. Address DEACON & PETERSON, 319 Walnut Street, Philadelphia.

INTERESTING TO THE PUBLIC.

For the past few months the country has been flooded with worthless counterfeits of valuable popular medicines; the counterfeiters evidently having the impression that our laws protected them in pirating the trade mark of manufacturers not resident in this Province—and thus deceiving the public. But the case of Perry Davis & Son, of Providence, R. I., against a house in Montreal,—on which, after careful investigation, our Bureau of Agriculture and Statistics decided that Perry Davis & Son are alone entitled to the enregistration of "Pain Killer," thus rendering simple justice to the inventors and proprietors of a valuable family medicine, and protecting the public against a host of base and worthless counterfeits. We cannot too highly commend this judgment.—*Hamilton News.* aug11-2t

HOLLOWAY'S PILLS.—Cholera or griping of the Bowels. Laudanum may lull the pain but not destroy it. Morphine steep the senses in artificial sleep, without refreshing the invalid. Holloway's Pills not only procure the same results without the baneful effects, but so entirely extinguish the elements of the disease as to promote a speedy cure without danger of relapse. Sold by all Druggists, at 25c., 60c., and $1 per box.

MARRIAGES.

☞ Marriage notices must always be accompanied by a responsible name.

On the 12th of July, by the Rev. P. Coombe, Mr. WILLIAM P. HEARSTMENN to Miss LIZZIE J. SIMMINGTON, both of this city.

On the 1st instant, by the Rev. L. L. Briggs, Mr. CHARLES MOHR, Jr., to Miss F. J. HULFISH, daughter of E. E. Hulfish, Esq., both of this city.

On the 1st instant, by the Rev. M. H. Piety, Mr. WILLIAM S. PRICE to Miss MARY POTS, daughter of Peter S. Pots, Esq., both of this city.

On the 24th of June, by the Rev. V. Smith, Mr. GEORGE WALTON to SARAH W. KEIPS, both of this city.

On the 25th of June, by the Rev. W. M. Rice, D. D., Mr. JOHN AULD to Miss ANNIE SMITH, both of this city.

On the 26th of July, by the Rev. John P. Lundy, Mr. D. HARRY GOLDY to Miss EMMA GLADING, both of this city.

DEATHS.

☞ Notices of Deaths must always be accompanied by a responsible name.

On the 6th instant, Mrs. ANN, wife of John Ritchie, in her 46th year.

On the 6th instant, JOSEPH, son of the late Joseph Albertson, in his 39th year.

On the 5th instant, CATHARINE, widow of Joseph Ripka, in her 74th year.

On the 5th instant, MARGARET K. DICKSON, in her 60th year.

On the 5th instant, Mr. ROBERT COOPER, aged 51 years.

On the 4th instant, Capt. AUSTIN S. TOURISON, aged 55 years.

On the 4th instant, JAMES PROSSER, in his 53d year.

On the 4th instant, Mrs. ANN M. APPLETON, in her 70th year.

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STOCKS, BONDS, &c., Bought and Sold at Board of Brokers and privately.

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FOR LADIES, GENTLEMEN & CHILDREN

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Open Every Day and Evening all Summer.

Bodily exercise imparts health and strength, the best preventives against sickness during the coming summer. Classes for ladies—Monday, Wednesday and Friday, between 4 and 6 P. M. For boys—Tuesday, Thursday and Saturday between 4 and 6 P. M. For gentlemen—every day from 9 A. M. to 10 P. M. je23-3m Profs. HILLEBRAND & LEWIS.

NEW AND GOOD SHEET MUSIC

WITH PIANO ACCOMPANIMENT.

Kiss me while I'm dreaming, by Wimmerstedt, 30. I'll say Good Night, Wamarth, 30. Be kind to darling sister Nell, Danks, 30. I love the little Rippling Stream, Crosby, 30. The Colonel from Constantinople, a Comic Song sung by the Florences, 40. Wearing of the Green, transcribed by Beaumbach, 40. Fairy Wedding Waltz, by Turner, 35. These new and popular pieces will be sent postpaid on receipt of price.

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Magnifying 500 times, mailed for 50 Cents. THREE for $1.00. Address F. P. BOWEN, de2-tf Box 220, Boston, Mass.

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Is rarely attained, yet

A. B. W. BULLARD'S IMPROVED OIL SOAP,

FOR REMOVING

GREASE, PAINT, PITCH, & VARNISH

From all Goods of Durable Colors, is ahead of anything yet discovered.

It leaves the Goods soft, and as perfect as when new, with no spot upon which dust can collect, as is the case with all the preparations heretofore sold for cleansing goods.

It is Delicately Perfumed,

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COUNTERFEITS

of this preparation are extant, *therefore be sure and take none* but that which has the autograph of A. B. W. BULLARD on the label.

Manufactured by the Proprietors,

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☞ For sale by all Druggists. augt-3m

FIRST PREMIUM IMPROVED SEWING MACHINE! $5 $5

THE EMBODIMENT OF PRACTICAL UTILITY AND EXTREME SIMPLICITY.

Originally patented May 13th, 1862. Improvement patented June 9th, 1863. The celebrated FAMILY GEM SEWING MACHINE, with crimping attachment, a most Wonderful and Elegantly Constructed Novelty, is NOISELESS in operation, uses the STRAIGHT NEEDLE, and works horizontal, sews with DOUBLE or SINGLE THREAD of ALL KINDS. Makes the RUNNING-STITCH more perfect and regular than by hand, and with extraordinary rapidity, making SEVEN STITCHES to each revolution of the Wheel. Will GATHER, HEM, RUFFLE, SHIRR, TUCK, RUN UP BREADTHS, &c., &c., strongest machine manufactured. Warranted not to get out of order in 5 years. It has taken the PREMIUM at STATE FAIRS, and received the approval of all the principal journals and of those who have used it. It is the ONLY low priced sewing machine that has received a PREMIUM, or that is PATENTED.

"For the Dressmaker it is invaluable, for the Household it supplies a vacant place."—*Godey's Ladies' Book.*

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Single machines, ALL COMPLETE, sent to any part of the country *per express*, packed in box with printed instructions, on receipt of the price, $5. *Safe delivery guaranteed.* Agents wanted everywhere. Circular, containing Liberal Inducements, sent Free. Address all orders,

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WHEELER & WILSON'S HIGHEST PREMIUM LOCK STITCH SEWING MACHINES,

No. 625 BROADWAY, NEW YORK.

Philadelphia Agency, No. 704 Chestnut St.

These Machines are now sold, with valuable improvements, at the following schedule of prices:—

No. 3 Machine, with

Plain Table,	$55
Half Case, Panelled, Oiled Walnut,	65
Half Case, Polished, Black Walnut or Mahogany,	65

No. 2 Machine, with

Waxed Black Walnut Table,	$65
Half Case, Panelled, Oiled Walnut,	75
Half Case, Polished, Black Walnut or Mahogany,	75
Half Case, Polished, Rosewood,	90
Full Case, Polished, Black Walnut or Mahogany,	95
Full Case, Polished, Black Walnut or Mahogany, with Drawers,	100
Full Case, Polished, Rosewood,	100

No. 1 Machine, with

Polished Table,	$75
Half Case, Oiled Walnut,	85
Half Case, Polished, Black Walnut or Mahogany,	85
Half Case, Polished, Rosewood,	95
Full Case, Polished, Black Walnut or Mahogany,	105
Full Case, Polished, Black Walnut or Mahogany, with Drawers,	110
Full Case, Polished, Rosewood,	110

Every Machine is sold complete with a Hemmer. Nos. 1 and 2 Machines are sold with the new Glass Cloth-Presser, New-style Hemmer and Braider. No. 3 with the Old-style Hemmer.

☞ The number 3, plain table, (worth $55) of the above list, is the machine we are now offering as a PREMIUM for THE LADY'S FRIEND and THE SATURDAY EVENING POST—see Prospectus. Any of the higher priced machines may be procured by sending us the difference in Cash.

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☞ Freckles, Tan and Pimples. ☜

REMOVED at once, by the use of "UPHAM'S Freckle, Tan and Pimple Banisher." Price, 50 Cents. Mailed to any address for 75 Cents, by S. C. UPHAM, 25 South Eighth Street, Philadelphia. Sold by all Druggists. aug11-3m

The Great Strengthening Tonic

(NOT A WHISKEY PREPARATION.)

HOOFLAND'S GERMAN BITTERS,

WILL CURE

Debility! Debility!

Resulting from any cause whatever.

H

PROSTRATION OF THE SYSTEM

INDUCED BY

Severe Hardships, Exposure, Fevers.

OR

DISEASES OF CAMP LIFE.

SOLDIERS, CITIZENS, MALE OR FEMALE, ADULT OR YOUTH,

Will find this Bitters a pure Tonic, not dependent on bad liquors for their almost miraculous effects.

O

DYSPEPSIA,

And Diseases Resulting from Disorders of the Liver and Digestive Organs,

ARE CURED BY

HOOFLAND'S GERMAN BITTERS.

This Bitters has performed more Cures, gives better Satisfaction, has more testimony, has more Respectable People to vouch for it, than any other article in the market.

O

We defy any one to contradict this assertion, and

WILL PAY $1,000

to any one who will produce a certificate published by us that is not genuine.

HOOFLAND'S GERMAN BITTERS,

WILL CURE EVERY CASE OF

Chronic or Nervous Debility

AND

DISEASES OF THE KIDNEYS.

F

Observe the following Symptoms, resulting from Disorders of the Digestive Organs:

Constipation, Inward Piles, Fullness of Blood to the Head, Acidity of the Stomach, Nausea, Heartburn, Disgust for Food, Fullness or Weight in the Stomach, Sour Eructations, Sinking or Fluttering at the Pit of the Stomach, Swimming of the Head, Hurried and Difficult Breathing, Fluttering at the Heart, Choking or Suffocating Sensations when in a Lying posture, Dimness of Vision, Dots or Webs before the Sight, Fever and Dull Pain in the Head, Deficiency of Perspiration, Yellowness of the Skin and Eyes, Pain in the Side, Back, Chest, Limbs, &c., Sudden Flushes of Heat, Burning in the Flesh, Constant Imaginings of Evil, and great Depression of Spirits.

L

REMEMBER,

That this Bitters is not Alcoholic, contains no rum or Whiskey, and cannot make Drunkards, but is the Best Tonic in the World.

READ WHO SAYS SO.

[From the Rev. W. D. Seigfried, Pastor of Twelfth Baptist Church, Philadelphia.]

Gentlemen:—I have recently been laboring under the distressing effects of indigestion, accompanied by a prostration of the nervous system. Numerous remedies were recommended by friends, and some of them tested, but without relief. Your Hoofland's German Bitters were recommended by persons who had tried them, and whose favorable mention of these Bitters induced me to try them. I must confess that I had an aversion to Patent Medicines from the "thousand and one" quack "Bitters," whose only aim seems to be to palm off sweetened and drugged liquor upon the community in a sly way, and the tendency of which, I fear, is to make many a confirmed drunkard. Upon learning that yours was really a medicinal preparation, I took it with happy effect. Its action, not only upon the stomach, but upon the nervous system, was prompt and gratifying. I feel that I have derived great and permanent benefit from the use of a few bottles. Very respectfully yours,

W. D. SEIGFRIED, No. 254 Shackamaxon St.

A

[From the Rev. E. D. Fendall, Assistant Editor Christian Chronicle, Philada.]

I have derived decided benefit from the use of Hoofland's German Bitters, and feel it my privilege to recommend them as a most valuable tonic to all who are suffering from general debility or from diseases arising from derangement of the liver.

Yours truly, E. D. FENDALL.

[From Rev. D. Merrige, Pastor of the Passyunk Baptist Church, Philada.]

From the many respectable recommendations given to Dr. Hoofland's German Bitters, I was induced to give them a trial. After using several bottles I found them to be a good remedy for debility, and a most excellent tonic for the stomach. D. MERRIGE.

[From Rev. Wm. Smith, formerly Pastor of the Vincentown and Millville (N. J.) Baptist Churches.]

Having used in my family a number of bottles of your Hoofland's German Bitters, I have to say that I regard them as an excellent medicine, specially adapted to remove the diseases they are recommended for. They strengthen and invigorate the system when debilitated, and are useful in disorders of the liver, loss of appetite, &c. I have also recommended them to several of my friends, who have tried them, and found them greatly beneficial in the restoration of health.

Yours truly, WILLIAM SMITH, 906 Hutchinson Street, Philada.

N

Rev. J. S. Herman, of the German Reform Church, Kutztown, Berks County, Pa., was cured of Dyspepsia of twenty years standing.

A. M. Spangler, Editor of the Culturist, No. 25 North Sixth street, Philadelphia, says this Bitters was recommended to him by a medical friend, and six bottles cured him of complete prostration of the nervous system.

Rev. Thos. Winter, D. D., Pastor of Roxborough Baptist Church.

Rev. Levi G. Beck, Pastor of the Baptist Church, Pemberton, N. J., formerly of the North Baptist Church, Philadelphia, at present Pastor of the Baptist Church, Chester, Pa.

These gentlemen express, in the strongest terms, their favorable opinion of this Bitters.

D

Beware of Counterfeits!

☞ See that the signature of "C. M. JACKSON" is on the wrapper of each bottle.

☞ Should your nearest Druggist not have the article, do not be put off by any of the intoxicating preparations that may be offered in its place, but send to us, and we will forward, securely packed, by express.

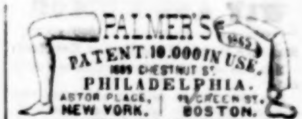
Principal Office and Manufactory,

No. 631 ARCH STREET, PHILADELPHIA, PA.

JONES & EVANS,

[*Successors to C. M. JACKSON & CO.*] Proprietors.

For sale by Druggists, Dealers and in every town in the United States. mar 31-eowly



ADDRESS THE INVENTOR,

B. FRANK. PALMER, LL.D. PREST A. A. LIMB Co.

These inventions stand approved as the "best" by the most eminent Scientific and Surgical Societies of the world, the inventor having been honored with the award of FIFTY GOLD AND SILVER MEDALS (or "First Prizes"), including the GREAT MEDALS of the WORLD'S EXHIBITIONS IN LONDON AND NEW YORK; also the most Honorary Report of the great SOCIETY OF SURGEONS OF PARIS, giving his Patents place above the ENGLISH and FRENCH.

DR. PALMER gives personal attention to the business of his profession, aided by men of the best qualifications and greatest experience. He is specially commissioned by the GOVERNMENT, and has the patronage of the prominent OFFICERS of the ARMY and NAVY. SIX MAJOR-GENERALS and more than a thousand less distinguished officers and soldiers have worn the PALMER LIMBS on active duty, while still greater numbers of eminent civilians are, by their aid, filling important positions, and effectually conceal their misfortune.

All genuine "PALMER LIMBS" have the name of the inventor affixed.

Pamphlets, which contain the *New Rules for Amputations*, and full information for *persons in want of limbs*, sent free to applicants, by mail or otherwise.

The attention of Surgeons, Physicians, and all persons interested, is most respectfully solicited.

The well-known LINCOLN ARM is also made *solely* by this Company. This Arm has the patronage of the U. S. GOVERNMENT.

To avoid the imposition of PIRATICAL COPYISTS, apply only to Dr. PALMER, as above directed. oct23-ly

DR. GEORGE W. FREED, ELECTRICAL PHYSICIAN.

Electricity, a sovereign remedy for the relief of suffering humanity, is now demonstrated by great discoveries in Electrical science as applied in the treatment of disease, by Dr. Freed, having effected many of the most wonderful cures on record, as the living witnesses can testify, by means of this mysterious, ever-present and all-pervading vital element, which can now be directed to any part of the body, thereby removing obstructions that have resisted all other methods of treatment, restoring the electrical action of the laws of life and health of the human system, as is scientifically applied by the advantage of Dr. Freed's Patent Improved Portable Combined Galvanic and Electro-Magnetic Battery for treatment (*which is mild and gentle*) in all the varied forms of disease. Its crowning excellence whispers words of consolation and hope to the afflicted and opens the way for relief. Call and have your case examined. Consultation free. Students instructed. Send for circular of cures effected with references. All letters addressed to

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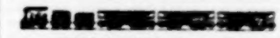

SUMMER ARRANGEMENT.

The trains of the Pennsylvania Central R. R. leave the Depot, at 31st and Market Streets, which is reached by the cars of the Market Street Passenger Railway, running to and from the Depot. The last car leaves Front Street about 30 minutes prior to the departure of each Train.

ON SUNDAYS—Cars leave Eleventh and Market Streets 45 minutes before departure of each Train.

MANN'S BAGGAGE EXPRESS will call for and deliver Baggage at the Depot. Orders left at the Office, No. 631 Chestnut Street, will receive attention.

TRAINS LEAVE DEPOT, VIZ.:

MAIL TRAIN	at	8.00	A. M.
DAY EXPRESS	"	10.00	"
PAOLI ACCOM., No. 1	"	11.00	"
FAST LINE & ERIE EXPRESS¶	"	12.00	M.
HARRISBURG ACCOM.	"	2.30	P. M.
LANCASTER ACCOM.	"	4.00	"
PAOLI ACCOM. No. 2	"	5.00	"
PITTSBURG & ERIE MAIL*¶	"	9.00	"
PAOLI ACCOM., No. 3	"	10.00	"
PHILADELPHIA EXPRESS†	"	11.00	"

TRAINS ARRIVE AT DEPOT, VIZ.:

CINCINNATI EXPRESS*	"	12.40	A. M.
PHILADELPHIA EXPRESS‡	"	7.10	"
PAOLI ACCOM., No. 1	"	8.20	"
COLUMBIA TRAIN	"	9.00	"
LANCASTER TRAIN	"	12.40	P. M.
FAST LINE	"	1.10	"
PAOLI ACCOM., No. 2	"	4.20	"
DAY EXPRESS	"	5.20	"
PAOLI ACCOM. No. 3	"	7.20	"
HARRISBURG ACCOM.	"	9.50	"

* Daily, except Saturday. † Daily. ‡ Daily, except Monday. All other Trains daily, except Sunday.

¶ Running through from Philadelphia to Pittsburg and Erie without change of cars.

SUNDAY ACCOMMODATION TRAINS for Paoli and intermediate stations leave Philadelphia at 9.00 A. M. and 7.00 P. M., returning leave Paoli at 6.30 A. M. and 4.50 P. M.

A TICKET OFFICE

Is located at No. 631 Chestnut Street, where Tickets to all important points may be procured, and full information given by JOHN C. ALLEN, Ticket Agent.

Also at 31st and Market Streets, on application to THOMAS H. PARKE, Ticket Agent at the Depot.

An Emigrant Train runs daily (except Sunday). For full particulars as to fare and accommodations, apply to FRANCIS FUNK, No. 137 Dock Street.

The Pennsylvania Railroad Co. will not assume any risk for Baggage, except for Wearing Apparel, and limit their responsibility to One Hundred Dollars in value. All Baggage exceeding that amount in value, will be at the risk of the owner, unless taken by special contract. apl-6m

TRANSFORMATION!

The superstitions of antiquity are only "food for laughter" at the present day, and yet this is an age of

MIRACLES,

accomplished with the aid of science. For example: grey, sandy or red hair is

CHANGED IN A MOMENT,

to the richest conceivable black or brown, by a simple application of

CRISTADORO'S HAIR DYE,

Manufactured by J. CRISTADORO, No. 6 Astor House, New York.

Sold by Druggists. Applied by all Hair Dressers. augt-2teow

PERMANENT AND WIDE-SPREAD SUCCESS IS THE BEST EVIDENCE OF THE GOODNESS OF BRANDRETH'S PILLS.—They should be in every family, ready for use on the first symptoms of disease occurring. This method will often save life. Remember, the

Cholera must be Treated as a Poison,

and your safety demands it should be got rid of without delay. Colds, rheumatism, asthma, pleurisy, diarrhœa, colics, in fact, all sickness is the consequence of active impurities in the blood. These being removed, the health is restored at once.

Observe my name in the Government stamp in white letters. Sold by Druggists.

augt-2teow B. BRANDRETH.

WIT AND HUMOR.

Men One Would Much Rather Not Meet.

Men who mix a salad better than any other man.

Men who ask you to listen while they read aloud something they have written themselves.

Men who tell stories that run one into another, so that you find it very difficult to get away at the end of any of them.

Men who have quarrelled with all their relations.

Men who have been betrayed and abandoned in the most heartless manner by all their friends.

Men who have been persecuted and swindled by a general conspiracy of everybody.

Men who imitate popular actors.

Men who are always asking, "Don't you think so?"

Men who are always "putting a case."

Men who agree with you too much.

Men who "feel impelled to join issue with you there."

Men who are technically enthusiastic on the subject of art, without having any practical knowledge of it whatever.

Men who will go on drinking the best wine you can put before them, and when asked how they like it, reply, "Oh, pretty well; but the fact is, you know it's perfectly immaterial to me what I drink."

Men who have received a testimonial.

Men who quote Shakespeare.

Men who quote Byron.

Men who quote Artemus Ward.

Men who quote anybody.

English vs. Latin.

Once upon a time a company was assembled at a dinner-table down in Georgia, when the conversation turned upon the comparative merits of the English and Latin languages. A Latinist led off in enthusiastic eulogies upon the power and versatility of his favorite language, and adduced in illustration the celebrated despatch of Cæsar: "Veni! Vidi! Vici!"

"What," exclaimed he, "can equal the condensed brevity and force of that?" A gnome who had hitherto remained silent, here joined in the conversation, and said he could match it with something more. "As I was wending a certain river the other day," he went on to observe, "I met a country girl with a plate of fresh butter on her head, who was on her way to market with it to the village, and who had just forded the stream I had to cross. Accosting her, I inquired, 'How high is the river, and what is the price of butter?' She instantly replied, 'To my waist, and a shilling!'" The roar that greeted this indicated a popular vote, and the Latinist retreated.

Punching the Wrong Man.

One evening at the theatre, John Phœnix observed a man sitting three seats in front, whom he thought he knew; he requested the person sitting next to him to punch the other individual with his cane. The polite stranger did so, and the disturbed person turning his head a little, he discovered his mistake—that he was not the person he took him for. Fixing his attention steadfastly on the play, and affecting his unconsciousness of the whole affair, he left the man with the cane to settle with the other for the disturbance, who, being wholly without an excuse, there was of course a ludicrous and embarrassing scene, during all or which Phœnix was profoundly interested in the play. At last the man with the cane asked, rather indignantly, "Didn't you tell me to punch the man with my stick?" "Yes." "And what did you want?" "I wanted to see whether you would punch him or not."

A Bill.

A certain church in the city of New York, being without a pastor, invited a somewhat distinguished divine from Central New York to supply their pulpit for two Sabbaths. The minister complied, and when his mission was ended the trustees sent him thirty dollars in "legal tender." He accepted the amount, and left with a friend the following bill:

The Trustees of the ——— Church.

To I. O ———, Dr.

For preaching two Sabbaths	$30
Expenses to New York and returning	1[illegible]
Nine days' board	27
	$[illegible]
Cr. By Cash	[illegible]
Balance due	$[illegible]

We have not heard whether the bill is paid yet.

A Learned Postmaster.

A few years ago, a postmaster was appointed in Canton, Penn., who was a gentleman of the "old school." Entering upon the new duties of the situation, he for a time filled the office with dignity, and, to all appearance, with satisfaction. One day a large number of persons being in the office, a man called for a letter, the initial of the last name being M. Whereupon the worthy postmaster took down a large number of letters, and looking them over said that there was no letter there, adding that all of the letters nearly were for a Mr. P. M., and he wished he would call and get them. "Sir," said he, "I don't know what to do with them. I have lived in Canton for twenty-five years, and I never heard of a man by the name of P. M. yet!" The roar that followed gave the P. M. an idea that there was something wrong.

A Hint.—In one of the San Francisco newspapers, near the popular seaside hotels, is a Chinese wash house, the jocular proprietor of which asked a "Mahoon man" to write a sign for him. The obliging American complied, and wrote with a marking-brush on a long board: "Tis well—We may be happy yet—You bet." The gratified Chinaman hoisted the singular legend to his roof, where it remains to this day, the washerman himself in the belief that it informs the wondering passenger of "Washing and ironing done here cheap."

☞ Mr. Jones met Mr. Smith, as he was going on board a steamer on the Mississippi, and asked: "Which way, Smith, up or down?" "That depends upon circumstances," remarked the latter; "if I get a berth over the boiler, I shall probably go up. If in the cabin, down." We have not heard from him since.

☞ A Western editor "disguises" himself at the rate of Artemus Ward's humor, giving as a primary reason "that the darned fool doesn't know how to spell."

QUESTION AND ANSWER.

Mamma.—"Who was the first man, 'Lina?"

'Lina.—"I forget."

Mamma.—"Already? Why, Adam, to be sure! And who was the first woman?"

'Lina (after a thoughtful pause).—"Madam!"

Mild.

Uncle Paul K———, of T———, in Massachusetts, was refreshingly free from overstating; he could never have become a Western orator. His way of "putting things" as the country parson would term it, was the opposite of bifaluin', it was moderate—it was safe. Once on a time, in the spring of the year, when the snow drifts had not all melted, and the roads were still miry, the team of a travelling merchant became stalled near his house. Uncle Paul repaired with a yoke of oxen to his assistance. The load not becoming speedily engaged, the peddler raged and stormed and belabored and swore with accumulated fury. Uncle Paul endured in silence till he could endure no longer, and unhitching his cattle, drove home in disgust, leaving the itinerant merchant both mired and maxed. "I went," said Uncle Paul, in relating the incident, "to try to help him, but he talked so poorly that I came off and left him!"

The French Mother.

There are seldom more than two children in a message, three at the utmost, whatever the reason may be, and these children are commonly dressed both by the father and mother, and the children in return have an actual rush—for "ma mère," pronounced with a certain intonation, in the pulpit or on the stage, never fails to set handkerchiefs in requisition in all directions. I remember an amusing instance, in a melodrama by Dumas Père, in which a certain notorious bandit was boasting of his high and mighty deeds, and was interrupted by a friend with the gross remark—"After all, you are nothing but a robber." "Stay my friend," he replied, "I have a mother." Profound sensation in the audience. Every ear is pricked eagerly. The bandit resumes. "Once in every month, on the first day of the month, I leave my eagle eyrie. I descend into the lowly plain. Crossing it with hasty and indignant steps, I enter the city of Valencia. There I enter a lofty mansion in the dead of night. I mount the marble stairs. I push a heavy oaken door—a chamber lies before me; in that chamber a couch; on that couch a woman, a venerable woman! I approach that sleeping saint. But does she sleep? I impress a kiss upon her sacred lips and she—she gives me back that kiss! Now dare to say I am a robber." Tremendous explosion of applause and universal weeping.—*Parisian Sketches.*

He Went.—Now young man, a little worldly-minded, walked to church last Sunday with a very pious young lady. Arrived at the church door, worldly-minded young man declined entering. Whereupon pious young lady seized the hat and placing it under her shawl, sailed into church, leaving worldly-minded young man standing at the door, minus his hat. The last heard of worldly-minded young man, he was seen wending his way down the church aisle as demurely as if nothing had happened.

AGRICULTURAL.

Cosmo's Column.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

Inoculation.

An editor of a respectable agricultural journal puts in a protest that sounds just a little like a jealous growl, against what he denominates "innovations of irregulars"—i.e., the late popular practice of literary, religious and miscellaneous newspapers, in devoting a column or so of every issue to agricultural reading.

"Let every one stick to his own avocation," he says. Yes—just so. All very well in the abstract. But let us take a look or two at plain practice and vulgarities. Suppose A. and B. are neighbours in a region where neighbors generally are wide apart and real instruction in anything medium near at hand. A is a carpenter and B a blacksmith—A. happens to know something in the line of B's trade that B. don't but ought, and is anxious to aid so gives to A. saying—

"Instruct me in this thing, neighbor A."

"Send for a blacksmith and learn what you want to know from him."

"Why, neighbor A. I cannot afford to do that. You can tell me just as well as any blacksmith in the world, and it will be such a saving to me, you know."

"Yes, I know. But then you see I am a carpenter. Every one to his own trade, neighbor B."

What a cloud that A. is and just as likely as not there will never come into B's shop a blacksmith able to instruct him in that which he most needs to know, and so poor blacksmith B. lives and dies in ignorance of that which known would have benefitted perhaps the whole neighborhood as well as himself.

That is precisely what a great many thousands of intelligent men and women all over the country are asking the literary, religious, and miscellaneous newspapers to do—"Seeing you are a regular weekly visitor—come, give us a little of something besides sermons and stories, and the current news—a bit of husbandry, and household economy, you know. You can do it as well as not, and we shall be very greatly obliged to you." And several journals of the above class are doing it, some of them remarkably cleverly too.

We come upon a poor fellow, tumbling about in agony with a dislocated ankle and set it for him though we are no surgeon, and are bandaging the limb quite correctly, when we are interrupted by Dr. Sangrado who happens to ride that way, who shouts out not very courteously—"Hallo there, you sir! What are you about? Let the man alone. I am the doctor of this district."

If agricultural columns were not popular in literary and religious papers, they would soon disappear. Subscribers are not slow to advise publishers of their likes and dislikes, and no publisher is going to continue an unpopular feature long. For our own part a good deal of the very best agricultural reading we get—that is, original material, we find in the one column miscellaneous journals. The reason of this is that it is more carefully made up, and almost always seasonable, which last is of very great importance in agricultural material.

We believe that every man everywhere who cultivates five acres of ground would find it very greatly to his own interest to take regularly and read carefully some really good agricultural paper. Nevertheless, as there are, and always will be a great many thousand farmers in part, or wholly, who do not and will not take such papers, but do and will take and read literary, religious, and newspapers, why not preach to these people "one column" agricultural sermons?

The idea of any single journal of any class thinking to monopolize the agricultural patronage of the entire country, furnishing every "regular" from the field, reminds us "of a little story." Once in a New York ship bound across the Equator, the captain happened to be one of those salt-water aristocrats who would own the whole universe and not allow a slice of it to any one else. And passengers in the ship among others, were six of us who having a tolerable education, and nothing else very important on our hands, used to go up and get sights for latitude and longitude by chronometer. Well, one day, when we were all on the quarter deck with our instruments "shooting the sun" at meridian, the captain in a fit of jealous rage blazed away at us in this fashion:

"Look here, you sirs, I can navigate this ship, and when I need any of your nagging, I'll call on ye."

Dr. Tom Goodhart, an English cockney, but no will one clever for that, fired back a shotted broadside that sent the skipper on his beam ends, shutting him up as clean as a clam.

"If my Lord Aberdeen—hem! you cabin fed with being the one world leader but to your self, without claiming bad lower end too? If you do have the hearth head, bosun, you don't have the hinch the Kiver, hand never will."

Harmless Browsers.

A very great deal of our fine back wheat meadow nearly on size as it might be if a better practice of harvesting the grain were to be made the rule. That which now obtains for several reasons unfortunate. Two main objections are—first, grain, and secondly fine and coarse more or less grain also, the second, an industrial earthly table to cakes and whatever else is made of buckwheat flour.

Buckwheat being cut, as it ought to be, while the straw is yet green and full of juice, and being set up in the field to cure, with the heads on the ground, the straw takes in from the soil for a day or two its nourished aliment, and the digestive functions of the plant being partially destroyed, much of the material that otherwise enters into the grain in a ready condition, thus imparting to it and the flour the unpleasantly earthy taste so often complained of. The heads of the straws get filled with soil, and if a shower or two falls while the grain is standing out, a good deal of earth gets spattered up and is among the straw, that with all the modern extreme and patent fans is never quite got rid of, but goes into the flour as grit.

If instead of pursuing this practice of harvesting, the farmer will adopt that of healing the grain in, under cover, and on to some sort of a floor other than earth, it will cure, if properly set up, quicker, the straw will be worth three times more for fodder, and there will be no unpleasant, earthy taste to, or obnoxious grit in the flour.

Soap Suds.

If the soap suds from wash tubs and sinks, so generally sloshed out and allowed to run to waste in almost all farmer's families, were carefully saved and applied to vegetables, currant, and gooseberry bushes—to flower-beds and rose bushes, there would be infinitely less destruction by bugs, worms and slugs, and as a fertilizer the value of the suds would be double the cost of all the soap consumed every year.

Gathered Grains.

—— The most extensive, and one of the best conducted seed gardens on earth, is a Pennsylvania institution—that of David Landreth & Son, Philadelphia seedsmen. The garden is called Bloomsdale, is situated on the Delaware river, contains six hundred acres, and is superintended personally by Mr. David Landreth himself.

—— Last year Canada raised $[illegible] worth of barley, and sold four-fifths of it to maltsters on this side of the line. This year the Canadians have $[illegible] worth of barley, and are going to sell us five-sixths of it, notwithstanding the death of Reciprocity.

—— The Egyptian and Bolivian farmers and gardeners seem to understand the value of water in dry times a great deal better than we do. Never hear them complain of drought. Perhaps in about two hundred years farmers in the United States will begin to learn that irrigation is a paying practice.

—— Good, old wine can be made of *elder* berries in about three weeks. The only difference between it and old Port is, the newer wine is the elder.

—— Remarkable year for twins this—twin colts, calves, babies, strawberries, cherries, plums; two pairs of watermelon twins we have seen, and just now we have on the table a famous pair of pears, ligatured exactly like Chang and Eng. Everything in duplicate, even internal tax bills.

RECEIPTS.

Something for the Sick.—Frequently we find sick people whose stomachs reject all kinds of nourishment until conditions follow that in many instances terminate fatally.

In more than twenty instances in which I have heard the popular sick-bed nourishment prescribed and rejected by an invalid's enfeebled stomach, I have never known the simple saucer of *parched corn*, pudding, or bowl of gruel refused.

The corn is roasted brown, precisely as we roast coffee, ground as fine as meal in a coffee-mill, and made either into mush, gruel, or thin cakes baked lightly brown, and given either warm or cold, clear, or with a little butter, milk, a sprinkling of white sugar, or with whatever freening the stomach will receive and retain.

I know that parched corn meal boiled in skimmed milk and fed frequently to children suffering with summer diarrhœa, will almost a water cure, as it will diarrhœa in adults, and I believe the cholera in its earlier stages.

Magnolia.

Remarks on Boiling Meat.—It is a great mistake, says Professor Blot, to boil meat so much as is practised. But few kinds of meat need much boiling. An old turkey or a leg of mutton needs more boiling than any thing else—and these must be put in boiling water enclosed with a cloth. The object of this is to prevent the juice of the meat from being extracted. On the contrary the pores of the meat are closed. A ham should be boiled in a similar manner. Corn beef must be put in cold water. If put in hot water the juice will be extracted. Cold water closes the pores of the meat. Corn beef needs to simmer something like broth.

Meat Cakes.—Take any cold meat, game, or poultry, mince it fine, with a little fat bacon, or ham, or an anchovy; season it with a little pepper and salt; mix well, and make it into small cakes, three inches long, half as wide, and half an inch thick; fry these a light brown, and serve them with good gravy, and put into a mould and boil or bake it.

Potato Pipes.—Take cold roast meat, either beef or mutton, or veal and ham, clear it from the gristle, put it small, and season either with sage or pepper and salt, and cut pickles; boil and mash some potatoes, and make them into a paste with one or two eggs, roll it out, with a dust of flour, and it round with a saucer, put some of your seasoned meat on one half, and fold it over like a puff, pinch or nick it neatly round, and fry it a light brown.

Fried Fish.—Fish required very little boiling. Put a fish in cold water with parsley, onion, carrot, and a bay leaf, salt to taste, and vinegar—a tablespoonful of vinegar to a pound of fish. This is the rule. From the moment the water boils, three minutes is long enough for a fish weighing two pounds, and about eight minutes for a fish weighing five or six pounds. When done the fish will readily come off the boiler.

Lemon Pudding.—Take a pound of finely powdered loaf sugar and mix it with the juice of two lemons; beat the white of an egg to a complete froth; then add it to the lemon and sugar, and beat the whole for half an hour; then add beat three more eggs, and grate the outside rind very fine from the peel of the two lemons you have employed the juice of, add this and the eggs to the previous mixture, and well mix the whole. Sprinkle some finely powdered sugar on a sheet of writing paper, and drop the mixture upon it. A moderate oven will bake them in a few minutes.

Brilliants.—A bottle of light white wine, pint of currants, pint loaf sugar. The mixture to be placed under a cow and about two quarts of milk to be mixed in.

Yellow Pudding.—Boil 3 oz. of isinglass in a pint and a half of water till it is dissolved, and then add a pint of white wine, the juice of two and the outside of three lemons, the yolks of seven eggs well beaten, and sugar to your taste. Mix the whole together and set it on the fire till it boils, stirring it continually; strain it into a basin, and when it is of a almost cold, then put it into the moulds.

Rice Mange.—Dissolve by boiling an ounce of isinglass in a pint and a quarter of water, so that when the solution is complete it may measure a pint; then add the whites of four eggs, with two spoonfuls of rice water, to prevent the eggs from coagulating; sugar it to the palate, and add such other condiments as you please. Strain the whole through a jelly-bag into a basin. When cold cut into what shape you please, and garnish with flowers, &c.

THE RIDDLER.

Mythological Enigma.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

I am composed of 32 letters.

My 1, 12, 19, 28, 22, 16, 7, is one of the Cyclops.

My 24, 4, 2, 15, 29, 8, 24, was a nymph beloved by Apollo.

My 3, 9, 4, 30, 10, was the son of Vulcan, a most notorious robber.

My 11, 2, 25, 5, 31, 21, was the daughter of the river Peneus, changed into a laurel tree.

My 32, 4, 23, 13, was the daughter of Air, or Air and Tellus who pined away through love for Narcissus.

My 17, 20, 19, 14, 26, 27, 11, is what became of Aegeus, King of Athens.

My 18, 16, 11, 6, 10, 24, one of the three Gorgons, whose hair Minerva changed into snakes.

My whole is a mythological temperance proverb. L. E. CAMERON.

Washington, D. C.

Enigma.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

I am composed of 24 letters.

My 1, 23, 24, 12, 7, 20, 13, 2, 8, was a Union Major General.

My 3, 9, 11, 5, 17, was a Union Major General.

My 13, 14, 10, 16, 4, 15, was a Union Major-General.

My 19, 14, 17, 24, 21, 23, 5, was a Union General.

My 18, 11, 10, 16, 7, 15, was a Union Major-General.

My 6, 10, 7, 5, 6, was a Union Brigadier General.

My whole was a Union Major General.

Palmyra, N. Y. ALIDA CARNWRIGHT.

Charade.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

My first in beauty bold and vast,
On earth exerts great sway;
Awful when roused in angry might,
And grand in gentle play.
When winter o'er the flowery graves,
Spreads palls of silvery sheen,
My second still survives each storm,
And blooms in verdure green.
My whole, the infant's snowy neck,
The brunette's dusky hair,
Adorns in dewy radiant hue,
And many love to wear. EMILY.

Baltimore, Md.

Problem.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

A cubic foot of lead is formed into a hollow ball of such size that the thickness of the metal is 2 inches. The diameter of the ball is required. HENRY R. SPINK.

Mount City, Iowa.

☞ An answer is requested.

Mathematical Question.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

What are the sides of an equilateral triangle containing 1 acre of ground? DELTA.

☞ An answer is requested.

Astronomical Problem.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

Will there be a full moon in February, 1904? ARTEMAS MARTIN.

Franklin, Venango co., Pa.

☞ An answer is requested.

Problem.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

Required the distance from the earth, in a direct line towards the sun, where a body would remain at rest, the distance of the earth being 95,000,000 miles from the sun, and the quantity of matter in the sun being 338,728 times greater than that of the earth?

☞ An answer is requested.

Conundrums.

☞ When are watermelons like lunatics? Ans.—When they put one tube to catch soft water and it rains hard.

☞ What is the difference between perseverance and obstinacy? Ans.—The first is a strong will, the other a strong wish.

☞ Of what trade is the sun? Ans.—A tanner.

Answers to Last.

ENIGMA.—"All go take one place; all are of the first and all turn to dust again." ENIGMA.—"The answer." A rosary of flowers: 1. Marigold. 2. Sweet-Sarah. 3. Cow-lord. 4. Bluebell. 5. Cowslip. 6. Dog-rose. REBUS—Reign—etch—fish—chit—fin—a—l.

Answer to A. Martin's PROBLEM of May 7—[illegible] perches from the centre of the larger circle, and [illegible] perches from the centre of the smaller circle. Artemas Martin.

Answer to Morgan Stevens's PROBLEM of June 9th—[illegible] rods and [illegible] acres. Henry R. Spink.

Answer to PROBLEM by Farmer, of June 9th—[illegible] feet. J. H. Greenwood.

Answer to W. H. Morrow's PROBLEM of same date—[illegible] feet. J. H. Greenwood.

What is Spirituality.—A correspondent of the Lutheran and Missionary thus illustrates the secret of the want of growth in many churches:

"I have been sitting over some folks for years, and we meet every Sunday in the aisles or in the vestibule, but they have never said 'Good-morning,' or 'Good-evening,' or 'How do you do?' or anything. They never smiled at me, they never looked even as if they knew me. I tried formerly, and more than once to look as if we knew each other, and attempted to get up a sort of smile of recognition, but they looked like the Egyptian Sphinx, and I gave it up as a hopeless case."